THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868. | Price $3.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2445.

VOICES CALLING.

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them speaking,
Voices calling upon the air;"
And, while she listened, the pale light glistened,
And lay and floated upon her hair.
"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no speaking,
We hear no voices upon the breeze,
It must be only, the night wind lonely,
That sighs and whispers among the trees."

"Oh, hush!" she murmured, "I hear them singing—
Singing the songs that I used to know;"
And, while she listened, the tear-drop glistened,
And through long lashes began to flow.
"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no singing,
We hear no voices singing so,
'Tis but the waking of the sea waves breaking
Upon the sands so far below."

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them calling,
Sweet voices of the long ago;"
And, while she listened, the long light glistened,
And lay on her sweet face, white as snow.
"Oh, no!" they murmured, "she wanders wildly,
We hear no voices on the breeze,
She's listening only, the night winds lonely,
That sigh and whisper among the trees."

"Hush! hush!" they answer, while dews were falling,
While dead leaves rustled through the air,
And, while they shimmered, the pale light glimmered
On a face and form, like the angels fair.
"Oh, pray!" they whispered, "our love is dying,
Her voice is fainting across the sea;"
And, while they listened, the far dawn glistened,
Oh, God! her morning breaks with Thee.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord of my learning and no land besides.
—*Shakespeare.*

Mrs. Lawrence began to discuss our summer arrangements presently. Where should we go? what should we do? She left the choice of place entirely to me.

"We can hardly look for Stuart until the middle of July," she said. "He will be rather tired out with his jaunt, and perhaps not care to undertake another, so we can make our arrangements without reference to him."

"Why should we go at all?" I replied. "Laurelwood is as lovely as any place I have seen."

"There will be very little society through the summer."

"Never mind society for once. I think I should like to have a good long restful summer here."

"Very well. We will stay until Stuart's return, at least."

I was decidedly pleased. Not for worlds would I have been absent then. I had a gratifying belief that he would approve of this partial seclusion.

And now I asked myself what I should do. To brood constantly over the beguiling visions that floated through my brain would hardly be wise. And then I remembered how oddly I was situated.

I could not absolutely consider myself engaged; indeed, as for real love-making there had been very little. Mr. St. John *was* peculiar. Did I understand him at all? Was I certain that our natures would assimilate—harmonize?

I wondered if any woman had ever taken destiny in such a fashion before! There was only one fact of which I did feel confident. Through the exercise of some curious power Mr. St. John was able to sway every thought and feeling. Was this love? His approval was more to me than the opinion of the whole world besides. His very presence filled my soul with radiant delight, and yet I experienced a strange fear concerning him. The possibility of his being completely my master, loomed threateningly before me. It would be sweet, indeed, to yield from a deep, tender, overpowering affection.

A year ago I should have made an ideal and an idol of him at once. I seemed to have more self-poise, more experience, and though I was capable of experiencing a much deeper and more absorbing passion, I likewise appeared to demand more in return. Had I grown selfish, exacting?

I left off thinking of myself and turned to nature. Never had she been lovelier. I indulged in long, solitary rambles and delightful communings; delicious reveries that enthralled both heart and brain. The fires of youth lost their fierceness, seeming more like the perfect golden glow of sunset.

Mr. St. John wrote that the business was much more complicated than he supposed, and that he was unable to fix upon any period of return, but that it would be as speedy as circumstances would permit. We were rather quiet, for Mrs. Lawrence left me much to my own devices. In this mood of brooding repose a tiny flame of ambition sprang up. Mr. St. John had satirically said—write a book. Have we not all a thread of romance within us? And so I began.

How the days passed I scarcely remember. They were like dreams perfected by sweetest music. I neither looked forward nor backward, but simply waited.

Suddenly the music ceased; the spell was broken.

My eyes were wandering carelessly over the paper one morning as we still lingered in the breakfast-room, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the announcement of the failure of a large New York and Baltimore house, and the suicide of one of the partners. My fortune was swept away at a single blow!!

I sat there in silence. When the fire has burned to ashes, one does not look for a torch to rekindle it. There must be wood to sustain a new flame. The old has perished beyond recall.

"What is the matter, Sydnie?" and I saw Mrs. Lawrence making a sudden movement towards me. "You are as pale as a ghost."

"A poor way to bear misfortune;" and my lip quivered, failing miserably in an attempt at a smile.

"Misfortune?" Her tone was incredulous.

I handed her the paper.

"An utter failure! Oh, it cannot be *quite* true. These things are always abominably exaggerated. How unfortunate that Stuart is away! I will send for Mr. Northrup—he may know how to advise;" and she did dispatch a servant immediately for the county lawyer.

We walked slowly through the hall. It was a warm morning, but the fragrant air revived me.

"My poor child, I cannot express my sorrow nor my sympathy. I only hope we shall not find it as bad as we expect."

What did I expect? Literally nothing. I felt crushed and overwhelmed. I cannot say that I had ever experienced any strong love for poverty, and now I shrank from the crisis with a trembling in every nerve. Very weak and ignoble perhaps, but I could not help it.

Mr. Northrup was not at home, and two days elapsed before he made his appearance. By this time the first accounts had become well authenticated. The old story of extravagant living, speculation, inevitable disgrace and death. My sympathies were strangely interested in behalf of the family so suddenly plunged into deepest gloom.

"My dear," Mrs. Lawrence said, in her sweetest tone, "if you only *had* married Aylmer. He would never have thought twice of the loss."

My lip curled involuntarily.

"I think it would be best to take a little trip North. Your outfit of last winter can be made beautifully available with very little expense. And few will know of the misfortune. You still have your beauty."

"No," I said, decisively, "I cannot take part in such a farce."

"What will you do then?"

"Give music lessons or teach school," I said, recklessly.

"Sydnie, I beg you will not do anything rash nor foolish. You have many friends, and sufficient attraction yet to make a good marriage. Look at the matter sensibly, now I implore you. I have decided to go to Washington next winter, and I want you to feel that you would be most welcome to my care. I am sure that you can not only retrieve your fortune, but make yourself happy. You will marry sometime."

She did not in the least suspect Mr. St. John of caring for me. But in her opinion poverty was a kind of pestilence that it was proper to take any method to be rid of. I felt proud and defiant. Would Mr. St. John deem me capable of mercenary motives?

Mr. Northrup found affairs in the wildest confusion. The first reports were but too true.

"It is not worth while to worry Stuart with it," Mrs. Lawrence said. He will be home soon, and then, his hearing cannot mend matters. He will regret the unfortunate occurrence deeply."

I hardly knew how I felt about Mr. St. John. Pride and delicacy revolted from making the slightest appeal to him. All the little tendernesses I had planned, and the ready compliance I was to show looked too much like interest. He could make my path very smooth in the manner pointed out by Mrs. Lawrence. The thought gave me an uncomfortable shiver.

To please her I had gone on as usual. We had an invitation to a birthnight party of a young lady, one of our neighbors, and a person I really admired. When I found that she expected me to accompany her, I made no demur, indeed I anticipated much pleasure. Mrs. Darrell, the girl's mother, had been extremely sympathetic and cordial to me, and I felt that no loss of fortune would ever change her regard for one she liked.

The preparations roused me a little, brought me back to a more human state. I resolved to enjoy the gayeties with as much of the old zest as possible.

"How bright and lovely you look," Mrs. Lawrence said, and I felt pleased with her commendation.

It was indeed a gala scene—the lawn hung with colored lanterns, and everywhere a profusion of fragrant flowers. Great wreaths of roses swaying in the soft June air; and the walks lined with blossoming shrubs of every variety, the porches covered, and the rooms decorated. How lovely it all looked, and to make the enchantment more complete musicians had been stationed in different parts of the ground, and sweet melodies went wandering through many a woodland path.

I felt my spirits rising. I knew I looked well. Why should I be shut out of enjoyment through a loss brought about by no fault of my own? Was I not the same, and did I not possess capabilities that had been mine a month ago? My fortune had taken away no integral part of myself.

They danced, chatted, laughed, and made themselves merry. The evening was half spent perhaps, when I sauntered down a path, attracted by a strain of sweet melody the flutes and French horns were blowing out in tremulous summer gales. Then a voice near me said—

"So Miss Adriance has lost her fortune. What will she do?"

"Mrs. Lawrence is very fond of her. I suppose she will remain at Laurelwood, as she has no relatives," a voice that I recognized, made answer.

"And marry Mr. St. John." The sentence ended with a laugh.

"Mr. St. John isn't considered a marrying man."

"Oh, she will manage it. *Beauty in tears is irresistible.* Of course she will go to him for comfort and advice, and he being her guardian will feel moved in her behalf. You may count upon her being mistress of Laurelwood in six months."

And then followed another mocking laugh that was like a stab to me. I had heard enough. Blinded by a sudden rush of emotion I could hardly find my way back to the brilliant lawn and the dancers.

I had endured some petty slights before, but this stung me to the very heart. If I should marry Mr. St. John, how many would believe me actuated by purest affection, as I should be? I was hurt, angry, and my enjoyment of the evening came to a sudden end.

The next day I wrote to Mrs. Otis. Already she had shown me that I had one steadfast friend, at least, and invited me to visit her, indeed she wished now that I would consider her home as my own. I should always be a most welcome guest. I had thanked her for this kindness when I was too deeply agitated to form any plans for the future. Indeed, I did not know as I had any right. But now some wild motive urged me on. I said frankly that henceforth I should be compelled to earn my own livelihood. There was but one avenue open to me at present—teaching school. My musical abilities were of a high order, and I believed that I could take care of myself. Since the effort must be made, some time, it would be as well, I thought, to start about it at once. But I seemed quite at loss to know to whom an application might better be made. If she could hear and advise me immediately, it would be of great assistance.

I would show Mr. St. John and his sister that I dared brave the evils of poverty. He should not find me helpless or positively in want of aught that he could give. I would not even make an indirect appeal for counsel. Whether it was pride that swayed me or a just self-respect, I would not stop to consider. To be armed was all I cared for just now.

Probably no reverse of fortune was ever pleasant. During these weeks I was in a measure shielded from gossip, because a large portion of the community had already started on their phantom chase for summer pleasures. But now and then a sentence fell upon some bare, shrinking nerve, and gave me a momentary torture. I really did not dare to propose leaving Laurelwood, yet the days had lost all brightness and beauty. I grew morbidly sensitive and longed to reach my true level, for I knew that in losing my fortune I had lost caste.

Anne enclosed three advertisements in her reply. Two for a school, and one for a governess in one of the eastern counties of Maryland, where music was made a special requirement. This one attracted my fancy strongly, and I answered it immediately, telling as much of my story as was necessary, in order to account for my temerity in seeking a situation without reference, though I sent the name of Madame W——, my former preceptress. What a flood of emotion this brought over me. I remembered the day on which I had waited for Mr. St. John to come, the strange journey, the welcome here. *Could* I go away? Why, it would be like leaving my soul behind.

I need not. I felt certain that Mr. St. John would consider himself bound by those few words spoken the night before his departure. What I wanted was not sympathy or sense of obligation, but love. Unless he could give me *all* that I desired, I would take nothing at his hands. If I must hunger it should be in a desert, not in a land of plenty.

By one of those odd circumstances that occasionally decide a fate, my application met with a fortunate reception. Mrs. Ingalls had been pleased with it—consulted her husband who advised her to accept. There were two girls nearly grown and five younger children. The salary was very fair, although it seemed a pitifully small sum to me. My duties would commence on the first of September. That I might decline hardly appeared to enter the mind of Mrs. Ingalls.

I was not prepared for so rapid a termination, and felt rather startled at my own temerity. On the same morning a letter came from Mr. St. John, announcing that he should start in the next steamer. Then he would soon be home! I owed him some duty, certainly. I had not a perfect right to dispose of myself without some consultation at least. He was my guardian if no more.

I decided to wait until I saw him before I took any positive step. The ease with which I had found this situation gave me courage to believe that if it failed, I should be able to secure something else without much difficulty. I felt armed as it were to fight any battle now.

Such interminable days as these were! I was very quiet outwardly, but within reigned chaos. Resolves, prejudices, and events vibrating and influencing one another, until I felt strangely irresolute. Even the thought of love ceased to charm.

The breach between Mrs. Lawrence and myself widened perceptibly. There was nothing tangible in her demeanor, indeed she sometimes appeared more solicitous, but I had a consciousness that these phases were not real, and that she assumed them from a sense of duty. Disliking the senior Mrs. Channing, she could not approve Aylmer's marriage cordially, and held me in some degree answerable for it. Besides this she experienced a pang of secret mortification that, with my many advantages, I was *not* married.

The weather was growing intensely warm. A great cloud appeared to envelope me, full of slumberous magnetic influences, not sufficiently charged for a crisis. I had a sensation of being cut off from the rest of the world. The very air about me grew stifling, and I drew my breath with great gasps of apprehension. And in this mood I counted up the days, until one morning when I heard a stir among the servants.

The master of Laurelwood had come!

There were joyous greetings in the hall, the sweet voice of Mrs. Lawrence murmuring a pleasant welcome. Had I any part or lot in the matter? Should I thrust myself upon his attention in this first moment of his return? Pride held me back. If he was very desirous of my presence he might signify it. But I waited in vain for any summons. What little events change the purposes of our lives! Any time during that morning I could have been convinced by a word or a look of the great fact of his love;—when the bell rang for luncheon the hour of grace had passed. I felt calm, but bitter and cold.

I hurried down, hoping to enter the dining-room first. He intercepted me in the hall. Somehow I shall always remember the picture I made. The voyage had completed the work of the tropical sun and left him almost swarthy. His hair had been cut quite closely, displaying his broad forehead and leaving a few stray curls at the temple. His eyes had a set look that was fairly stern, while the flowing beard with its peculiar bronze glitter gave him a weird, foreign appearance.

He flushed deeply in spite of the olive hue, and appeared at the first moment absolutely disconcerted.

"You seem in no haste to welcome me," he said rather sharply. I had been counting on *that*," at least."

"Your sister had the first right, I am sure," I answered gravely.

"And you none?" This was uttered in a tone of inquiry.

"None," I repeated.

"At least you might ask if I were well;" and he laughed rather nervously.

"The fact is apparent. Allow me to congratulate you upon your safe return."

At this juncture Mrs. Lawrence joined us. She looked somewhat discomposed, and glanced curiously at me. My sensitive pride took alarm at once. Did she fear that her brother would foolishly rush to the rescue and marry me?

Each one made an effort, and the meal passed most pleasantly, though the conversation was all upon Mr. St. John's journey. He was really delighted to be at home again, that I could plainly see. We lingered over our dessert of fruit a long while, and as we rose he said, turning to me—

"May I see you in the library, Miss Adriance?"

I crossed the hall with him and then went over to the window. Just here we discussed my foolish engagement with such bitterness. How vividly it all came back.

"Miss Adriance," he began presently, "my sister has informed me of your misfortune. I am most sorry that I should be absent at such a time, but I doubt if it is as bad as she thinks. You are not quite disheartened."

"I have sufficient courage to bear a reverse of fortune," I said proudly.

"You have both been looking at the darkest side. Such things alarm Isabelle a good deal. She knows so little about business."

"I think I understand the matter perfectly, and can assure you that your fortune is not all gone. Have you no faith in my assertion, that you look so incredulous?"

"Besides the lawyer's statement I have heard from my friends at Baltimore, who were anxious to soften the blow as much as possible. There may be a few thousands saved, but even that is doubtful."

"Half at least," he said, walking down the room, his face turned partly from me.

I imagined his motive in an instant, and though it gave me a quick thrill, I could not endure to be the recipient of his generosity.

"Mr. St. John," I said, trying to keep the touch of excitement out of my voice, "I can understand that you consider yourself in some manner answerable for this misfortune, but I do not hold you so. It was Mr. Anthon's investment, and one cannot always guard against losses. I am satisfied that it is nearly all gone, and have made some arrangements for the future.

He paused suddenly. "What arrangements?" he asked in a sharp tone.

"I have already obtained a situation as governess. It is necessary that I should depend upon my own exertions, and this offer came to me with a very little trouble."

"Governess!" He accompanied the word with such a disdainful gesture that it angered me.

"You are in haste, I think, Miss Adriance. It is paying a poor compliment to your friends," he went on with a scornful inflection.

"I do not propose to test friendship that far," I said haughtily. "Dependence would not be pleasant for me."

"Oh, you are strong minded! It will not harm you to air your theories occasionally, but you have forgotten one important fact. I am still your guardian."

"There is no longer a necessity for supervision. When people are at work they seldom fall in to mischief."

"It *is* still *my* duty to provide you a home, and yours to remain there," he said, not attempting to disguise the power in his tone.

"You can insist upon this for some time longer," I returned coldly, "but it would not be an agreeable experiment. I question if a young lady with no fortune would be considered a valuable acquisition to Laurelwood society."

"That is pure pride."

"I *am* proud; I confess it."

"And willing to make everything bow to this demon!"

His tone was bitter, unjust, I thought.

"The demon, as you style it, will not have many worshippers. There is nothing to be rendered subservient."

"Nothing!"

He strode up and down the room, his face clouded, his lips compressed, and his eyes coming to points of flame. Had I gone too far? At all events I could not be a suppliant for his love, and truth to tell he seemed in no haste to offer it.

"This governessing is an absurd idea," he flung out angrily.

"I see nothing so absurd in a woman having courage to meet any exigency, and a desire not to become a burthen to her friends."

"I believe friends never were very weighty considerations with you."

The taunt was too bitter. A scarlet heat flamed up in my face.

"I have consulted some friends, in whom I have confidence," and my breath as well as my words came slowly, for I knew this was a cruel thrust.

As if it had not touched him at all, he came nearer. "Can nothing induce you to give up this wild idea? You will find the routine very different from your fancy concerning it."

"I do not expect a path of roses. I have some sense, at least," I returned with warmth and passion.

"And fortitude equal to any emergency," he retorted with caustic dryness.

Could this man ever have loved me? Love was kind and tender, shielding its object from every chilling blast, but he was more bitter and cutting than storm itself. I felt sick at heart.

"It is not necessary to discuss the matter any farther," I said, rising.

"I shall make a strict examination into this unfortunate business, and until then—"

He paused. I was so near that our hands almost clasped of their own accord. What invisible barrier kept us apart?

He made a sudden gesture, then he let me go without another word.

I went directly to my room and answered Mrs. Ingall's letter, promising to be at my post at the appointed time. It had been folly to delay it. What sweet, wild dreams I had indulged in for a brief space! Gone, to the faintest shadow. I had always idealized Mr. St. John. He was not as grand and tender as the hero of my imagination, nay, he had never loved me as I wished to be loved. At times he had swayed me by his immense personal power, but the woman who won him must be a slave, and content to yield every atom of her own individuality. This did not *quite* satisfy me.

I despatched my note at once. Passing through the hall, Mrs. Lawrence called me to ask about some trifle, but with more real kindliness in her manner than had been there of late.

"Stuart told you, I suppose, that he believes the loss involved in the failure has been exaggerated. I am really glad for your sake. It's delightful to have some one inspire us with a little courage."

"I think he is mistaken," I answered gravely.

"At all events we can hope for the best. I've been a poor comforter, but bad news of any kind always has a depressing effect upon my nerves;" and she ended with a faint, sweet smile.

I had learned my lesson to some purpose, and was not to be beguiled by this small display of graciousness. Perhaps I was hard and faithless, but my wound was bitter also.

That night I found a note on my dressing table. I recognized the writing instantly. What could Mr. St. John wish to say to me in this manner? Some neighbors had been in to spend the evening, and Mr. St. John had proved most entertaining.

I broke the seal with no little trepidation, and then drawing up the nearest chair, sat down to read.

It was—not the passionate declaration of love one might expect from such a man, but a rather stately offer of his hand, fortune, Laurelwood, the place I had professed to hold in such high regard. It was kind and exquisitely worded, but the heart seemed left out, as if he were more desirous of saving me from hardship and making my outer life luxurious and pleasant, than aiming to reach any true and high soul existence. For a long while I sat in deep thought. The world would believe that I considered this the best means of retrieving my fallen fortunes, but what would he think? He had not made one appeal to my regard for himself. Did he really hold that women were always swayed by mercenary considerations, and that to satisfy these was the royal road to their hearts?

To live with him and not be allowed the fullest liberty to love, and to express it, would be simply torture. With me the regard must soon become a passion, and repression would be harder to endure than total loss and absence.

I will not deny that pride was strongly concerned. I thought he had not treated me fairly, justly. I had a right to expect something better at his hands.

I had somewhere read of a little boat floating over the sea, holding a slumbering lady, whose string of pearls had become unfastened, and the gems were slowly dropping into the water. She woke and grasped it, terrified at seeing her precious pearls slip away. I had been a traveller drifting down a sunny stream, gathering priceless pearls—human hearts. Now they began to drop away. Should I reach out my hand to save any?

Mr. St. John was calm and inscrutable at breakfast the next morning. No look or gesture on his part betrayed the slightest concern. I believe his very self-possession roused all the angry strength of my soul. I should never be able to decide whether he loved me, and must take my step in the darkness of unbelief.

I intended to answer him in his own fashion, and yet dreaded to say the fatal words, to cut myself off from hope. So I rambled about the grounds, lingering in shady nooks that I loved so well. It *would* be hard to go.

I came suddenly upon him at a turn in the path. For a moment we faced each other.

"Miss Adriance," he said in a strange, husky tone, yet with a touch of fierce impatience, "you must have read my note. Answer me now—I cannot wait."

The old imperious manner. There was no instinct of serfdom in me. I would not be forced into fetters. Every drop of blood in my veins revolted.

"It is easily said. No man's gold can buy my heart."

"*Easily!*"

It was an ill chosen word. One bitter lightning glance that seemed to scorch the very springs of life, and he turned—was lost to me. Should I utter one cry of agony and bring him back?

When I could rouse myself from this stupor I continued my walk. An interposing fate had settled all my perplexity. I was quite free to go. But Eve's wail of desolation seemed borne to me on every breath of the summer air. It would be rending body and soul asunder. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Gluten is the adhesive portion of grain, and, dietetically considered, it is the most important part, as it furnishes the most material for the building up of the tissues. It is a grayish, tough, elastic substance, and may be obtained by washing the starch away from flour. Red wheat contains more gluten than white wheat.

☞ The following curious calculation has been made of the number of changes of which the kaleidoscope is capable. Supposing the instrument to contain twenty pieces of glass, etc., and that you make ten changes in each minute, it will take the inconceivable space of 462,880,800,576 years and 360 days to go through the immense variety of changes it is capable of producing, amounting (according to our frail idea of the nature of things) to an eternity. Or, if you take only twelve small pieces, and make ten changes in each minute, it will then take 33,264 days, or 91 years and 49 days, to exhaust its variations.

☞ La Situation, a journal begun in Hanover soon after the battle of Sadowa, never had more than three hundred and fifty subscribers, but in less than one year its proprietors spent $300,000. When its time came to die, the owners behaved in a princely manner. Each editor received a year's salary as compensation for his loss of place; the share of the chief editor being $12,000.

☞ The Congressional Globe of the Thirty-seventh Congress contains two speeches, one made in March and the other in April, by different gentlemen, which are duplicates, the Bohemian who undertook to supply them having sold the same speech to both purchasers. This is but a repetition, however, of what happened in Philadelphia in 1789, when a ready writer furnished one of the "letters to constituents," in which Congressmen then aired their eloquence, to the Hon. John Clopton, of Henrico county, Virginia, and then sold a verbatim copy of the same epistle to the Hon. Thomas Claiborne, of the Brunswick district. Somehow the two letters were compared, and although each gentleman endeavored to show that the other stole the letter from him, their constituents refused to re-elect them.

☞ A missionary writes from Harpoot, Asia, the site of the garden of Eden of Scripture, that the men there knit and bake, while the women do the drudgery, prepare all the fuel, and perform all of the severest out-door work—in fact have their "rights" to the very fullest extent.

☞ The end of the universe is down on the bills of the Second Adventists for Oct. 2, 1868. This precludes the necessity of nominating Presidential candidates for the November election.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get a large Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

We have received the following communication from a young lady of Springfield, Ohio:—

MR. PETERSON:—Sir—Having been a reader and friend of THE POST for some years, I thought I would take the liberty of addressing you a few lines in regard to the "Prize Enigma" published in THE POST of February 20th.

There are some of us young ladies who think we have been imposed upon through the columns of THE POST by Mr. Parker alias Mr. Harbaugh.

We wish to know why Miss Lillie Osgood was entitled to the prize, and how her solution could be any more correct than the others? Mr. Harbaugh (as his name really is) is well known to us, and he said he intended it as an April fool, that he wanted to see how many photographs he would receive by the first of April; in other words, how many April fools, and that he did not intend sending a book to any one. Therefore we doubt very much whether there is such a person in existence as Miss Lillie Osgood—that like his own, it is a fictitious name. We think it very strange he should lose her solution.

However his plan succeeded admirably, as he said he received 142 photographs; and thinking he would have to send an answer to THE POST, he sent one of his own composing in poetry, as he is quite a noted 'squib' of the rural town of Cass.

Hoping that it may be the last attempt of Mr. Harbaugh to "fool" the readers of THE POST, I remain yours, very respectfully. M.

All we have to say is, that if Mr. Parker, or Mr. Harbaugh—or whatever his name may be—has played the little game described by our correspondent, he has acted in a very mean and ungentlemanly manner. The book he offered was so inexpensive an one, that we could not suppose that any person claiming to be a gentleman, in a case where ladies undoubtedly would be concerned, would seek to evade the performance of his plighted word.

Of course we shall not decide against Mr. Harbaugh without giving him time and opportunity to defend himself. If he really did give the prize volume to Miss Lillie Osgood, of Pittsburg, he can readily obtain from that lady (if there be such a lady) the requisite proof. It will be necessary of course to give the number and street of Miss Osgood's residence in Pittsburg.

HOW TO TRAVEL COMFORTABLY.

Dr. Hall, in his "Journal of Health," ventilates an idea that probably has occurred to very many experienced gentlemen. He says:—

"Reader, there is human nature all over the world, is not that a tremendous truth? Most of us like to be noticed a little; we want to have some consideration, some attention shown to us, beyond what would be bestowed on plain Mr. John Smith, gentleman. The most that will be done for him will be to let him alone, and take care of himself the best way he can; but you, reader, would rather have some little fuss made over you; you would like to have the best room at hotels, the best berths on boats, railways, and steamships, the most comfortable seats at the table, and the best pieces of turkey, roast beef, and porter-house. It is pleasant, too, to have waiters bow to you profoundly, and obsequious clerks and landlords to be ever at your elbow calling out 'this way if you please, sir,' and opening a passage for you in every crowd.

"Will money do all this? No, sir. Will politeness secure it? Not at all. Will titles ensure it? Not by any means; but there is a way by which all these attentions can be secured in whatever clime or country you may travel. Persons of all languages alike understand its power, and bow to it with instinctive cordiality, and satisfaction too, because the article pays its way; it is cashed on sight wherever the sun shines on a community of human beings. We wonder if any reader has divined this universal talisman. Take a pretty girl along; if you have not a daughter or sister, look around among your country cousins, and wherever you find her pay her expenses, and in the long run you will find it largely remunerative in the direction we have named. We have tried it and speak from experience. We once took a really beautiful girl with our family, as nurse for our youngest child, and we shall never forget the partialities shown us everywhere; the fact is, it made such an impression on our mind that we resolved that if we ever made an important journey again, we would arrange in some way to have some young, beautiful face along."

Dr. Hall is right. It is almost impossible to travel comfortably in many portions of this country, without a lady—and the better looking the lady, the better often will be the accommodations. It will cost you no more proportionately, and your hotel accommodations will be at least twice as good, if you travel with a nice-looking lady instead of with a gentleman.

PARALYSIS.

"It is stated that a lady of Fauquier county, Va., was paralyzed a few days ago from excessive use of hair dye containing sugar of lead."

Paralysis has been so frequent of late, that we have wondered whether these hair dyes and hair washes were not often accountable for the mischief. Lead and nitrate of silver are the bases of nearly all of the compounds for restoring the color of the hair—the lead and silver, combined with sulphur, or even with the sulphur which is being continually evolved from the hair itself, producing a black dye.

Lead, especially, is so subtle a poison, that a man may use it for years without any apparent ill effects, and suddenly find that he is injured for life. Better by far to leave the hair and beard grow white, than incur the danger of impaired eye-sight or hearing, or of a sudden stroke of paralysis.

CO-OPERATIVE LIFE INSURANCE.—The PUBLIC LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY have resolved to introduce the system of *co-operative* Life Insurance. The features of this new plan can be understood by consulting the programmes of the company. Among the Directors of the PUBLIC we perceive the names of Gov. Curtin, Robert P. King, ex-Sheriff Kern, Gen. Peter Lyle, J. M. Harding, Jay Cooke Sturdivant, &c. Office 123 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF U. S. A. By HON. J. T. HEADLEY, author of "Washington and his Generals," "Napoleon and his Marshals," etc., etc. Sold by Subscription. Published by E. B. Treat & Co., New York. We give the following extract from this book, showing how a slight event might have changed the fortunes of Grant, if not of the country:—

GENERAL GRANT NEARLY CAPTURED.—He was often on picket line all alone endeavoring to ascertain from personal inspection, more of the enemy's position and plans than he could obtain from the reports of his officers. On one of these occasions he came near falling into the hands of the enemy. It was at Chattanooga, while he was preparing for the battle of Missionary Ridge. Wishing to get a nearer view of the enemy, he often rode out on the picket line, and once was on the eastern bank of Chattanooga Creek, when a party of rebel soldiers were drawing water on the other side. They wore blue coats; and thinking they were his own men, Grant asked them to whose command they belonged. They answered, "Longstreet's corps;" whereupon Grant called out: "What are you doing in those coats, then?" The rebels replied: "Oh! all our corps wear blue." This was a fact which Grant had forgotten. The rebels then scrambled up on their own side of the stream, little thinking that they had been talking with the Commander of the national army.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED WOMEN. By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated from the French by H. W. PRESTON. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

DOUBLY FALSE. By MRS. ANN. S. STEPHENS, author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Soldier's Orphans," "The Heiress," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

BEAUMARCHAIS. An Historical Novel. By A. E. BRACHVOGEL, author of "Narcissus," etc., etc. Translated from the German by THERESE J. RADFORD. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 809 Chestnut St., Philada.

Narrow-Minded Men.

It is the fashion to speak contemptuously of men whose ideas and objects are limited to narrow boundaries, within which they are content to pursue the even tenor of their way, knowing and caring nothing for what may lie beyond. The fashion is a bad one. Such men are eminently useful. Society would be a failure without them. Even a nation of such plodders would be more likely to prosper than a nation of "intellectual giants." The latter marshal mankind the way that they should go; but your narrow-minded men, with less head and more hand, make the roads that render the march in the right direction practicable. To the great philosopher, deep in the mysteries of science, the farmer whose thoughts are exclusively devoted to his homestead and his crops may possibly seem a very insignificant being. Yet if husbandry did not feed the world, the world would not have much stomach for philosophy. Agricultural chemistry may point out ways to enrich the soil and make ten blades of grass grow where one grew before; but it is only through the cultivator of the earth that agricultural chemistry can be applied and rendered useful. Not, perhaps, because the discovery of a new plan for preventing the exhaustion of the soil was a grand development in science, would the man of acres adopt it. He might possibly have no sympathy with the enthusiasm of the discoverer. But show him that it will double the value of his farm, and we warrant he will promptly approve and accept it. Thus his narrow-mindedness—or, in other words, his keen sense of his own and his family's interest—become the handmaid of science, and the unspeculative utilitarian the best ally of genius. The prejudice that exists against narrow-minded men is not well founded. Their knowledge, though limited, is generally precise, and much may be learned of them by men of more comprehensive intellects. Without them the greatest of mankind would be a cipher—a Cæsar without legionaries, an Alexander without a phalanx, a head without hands.

☞ A New York paper says the paper hangers and paper makers are much excited just now with news of the invention of gutta percha paper, which for durability and imperviousness, surpasses all previous attempts at fabrication of damp-resisting medium. It is to be prepared for paper-hanging, and will very shortly be in the market.

LONGFELLOW.

The poet Longfellow recently sailed for Europe in the steamship Russia. The following beautiful poem, by Dr. O. W. Holmes, (says the *Advertiser*) was read at a private farewell dinner to the poet in Boston:—

Our Poet, who has taught the Western breeze,
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings reach
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech,
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger be
That finds a nest for him in every tree?
How shall he travel who can never go
Where his own voice the echoes do not know,
Where his own garden-flowers no longer learn to grow?

Ah gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign
Breathes through our troubled life that voice of thine,
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers,
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitterest tears!

Forgive the simple words that sound like praise;
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase;
Our speech at best is half alive and cold,
And save that tender moments make us bold,
Our whitening lips would close, their truest truth untold.

We who behold our Autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,
Know well what parting means of friend from friend;
After the snows no freshening dews descend,
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks, the days
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,
Grudging to alien hearths our widowed time;
And one unwinds a clew of artless rhyme
To track thee, following still through each remotest clime.

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers shall be
The more than golden freight that floats with thee!
And know, whatever welcome thou shalt find—
Thou who hast won the hearts of half mankind—
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still behind!

May 23, 1868.

Silence and Health.

Few are aware that sound has a very important influence in preserving and restoring health. Indeed, man would die almost as soon in a world of supreme silence as in one of darkness. One of our best exchanges says, "Dr. Kane, and other Arctic voyagers, have all testified that in those regions 'where eternal silence reigns supreme,' the effect upon the brain and ear from the absence of sonorous impulses in the atmosphere is exceedingly annoying and absolutely injurious to the auditory nerves. As the organs of hearing are destroyed by loud and continued noise and an intense light will weaken and ultimately destroy the power of sight, so it would appear that the auditory, or optic nerves become impaired by the partial or total deprivation of their natural stimulus, sound or light. Dr. H. Ralls Smith, of Chicago, wishing experimentally to investigate this subject, recently spent a considerable length of time in the Kentucky Mammoth Cave, where silence and impenetrable darkness reigned supreme. The effect was very distressing and almost insurmountable, resulting in temporary defection of hearing and aberration of mind. From his own experience this gentleman is firmly convinced that the blindness of the finny denizens of this cave has been brought about gradually through successive generations, and from his observations he is confident that the sense of hearing is also wanting in these beings, although originally existing in the species when first immersed in their living tomb." Some sounds, however, have a much higher value than others. Take the vibrations of the air caused by shrieks, moans, and sobs; the sad, solemn sounds of some kinds of music, long continued. They would sicken the most robust; while on the other hand, the light, joyous, and beautiful sounds of other music; the sound of falling water, of rain on the roof, the peal of distant thunder, the tread of light-hearted, joyous children, the voice of mirth, the laugh of a happy child, the roll of the ocean, or the delightful breezes that play to and fro and fan our cheeks in summer, are all life and health giving. A band master informs us that when in the Army, weary soldiers on the march were much aided by the music of the band and would quicken their steps the moment it commenced. We all know how much it adds to the ease and pleasure of dancing, and even gymnastics is quadrupled in interest by music. The hygienic value of sound is not yet sufficiently appreciated. It might in the form of music be made to do a great deal more in all our health institutions than it now does.—*Journal of Health.*

THE PALINDROME.—The palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve:—

"Madam, I'm Adam!"

Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied:—

"Able was I ere I saw Elba."

The latter is the best palindrome, probably, in the language.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—The jury in the Supreme Court of New York returned a verdict of $20,000 against the New Jersey Steamboat Company in favor of a Mr. Caldwell, who lost his feet by the memorable explosion on the steamer St. John, about a year ago. The Company give notice of an appeal.

☞ "Grandma," said a sharp child, "do you want some candy?" "Yes, dear, I should like some." "Then if you buy me some I will give you a part."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE IMPEACHMENT.—The Impeachment Trial has ended by the acquittal of the President on three other articles, by 35 guilty to 19 not guilty, and the final adjournment of the Court without voting on the remainder.

SECRETARY STANTON RESIGNS.—Secretary Stanton has sent a letter to the President, resigning his position as Secretary of War.

The nomination of General Schofield has been confirmed.

GEN. GRANT'S ACCEPTANCE.—The Committee of the National Republican Convention called on Gen. Grant on the 29th, and through Gen. Hawley notified him of his nomination. Gen. Grant replied as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the National Union Committee—I will endeavor in a very short time to write you a letter accepting the trust you have imposed upon me. Expressing my gratitude for the confidence you have placed in me, I will now say but little orally, and that is to thank you for the unanimity with which you have selected me as a candidate for the Presidential office. I can say, in addition, that I looked on during the progress of the proceedings at Chicago with a great deal of interest, and am gratified with the harmony and unanimity which seems to have governed the deliberations of the Convention. If chosen to fill the high office for which you have selected me, I will give to its duties the same energy, the same spirit and the same will that I have given to the performance of all duties which have devolved upon me heretofore. Whether I shall be able to perform these duties to your entire satisfaction time will determine.

You have truly said in the course of your address that I shall have no policy of my own to interfere against the will of the people.

Mr. Colfax was also notified, and replied in an appropriate address.

BENTON.—The statue of Thomas H. Benton was inaugurated at St. Louis on the 28th. It was unveiled by Mrs. Benton Fremont, and the inaugural address was delivered by Gen. Frank P. Blair. Business was partially suspended throughout the city. The statue is by Miss Hosmer.

THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIANS.—Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, was suspended on the 28th, by the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Pittsburg, for singing hymns and communing with Christians of other denominations. The Philadelphia members voting in favor of suspension were Dr. Crawford, Dr. Steel, John Scott, and John Holmes, against Dr. Wylie, Dr. Sterrot, Dr. McAuley, and R. H. McMunn. Not voting—Alex. Row.

PROTESTANT CONFESSION.—One of the New York papers gives an account of an interview between one of its reporters and Rev. Dr. Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, with reference to a recent allegation of the Catholic World, that confession was a regular practice in that parish, and not only that, but that Bishop Potter himself was favorably inclined to it. The Doctor was rather non-committal on the subject, and parried the questions put to him by the reporter with admirable dexterity. He said he did nothing that was not sanctioned by ancient usage and the rubrics of the Church; besides, he usually did as he saw fit in matters of that kind, and he was not aware that it was the business of anybody but himself.

JUDGE CHASE.—Chief Justice Chase has authorized the Cleveland Leader to say that he would not accept a nomination from the Democratic party for any office.

ITEMS.—The Supreme Court of Ohio has declared the "Visible Admixture" bill, passed by the Legislature of that state, to be unconstitutional.

Lord Brougham lost the use of his memory some weeks before his death; was not allowed by his physician to sustain conversation for more than one minute, and at the last was awake only a few seconds at a time.

The Government of North Germany has abolished imprisonment for debt.

The Massachusetts Senate, by a vote of 16 to 9, has rejected a bill abolishing corporeal punishment in the schools of that state.

The famous Kit Carson died at Fort Lyon, Colorado, on the 22d of May.

Six citizens of Hamburg, S. C., have been arrested for trial by military commission for having prevented the holding of a political meeting by freedmen.

THE ERUPTIONS AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The N. Y. Herald's special correspondence from the Sandwich Islands gives a detailed account of the great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions that took place on the Island of Hawaii during the first days of April. The first fire was seen to issue from Mauna Loa at three different points. A stream of lava one mile wide ran down the mountain at a terrific rate for about three days. Fire and lava again appeared at another point, Kahuka, on the 7th of April. The stream rushed onwards to the sea, on entering which the heat generated a dense column of steam which rose high toward the heaven. Previous to the eruption a cumulus of smoke rose from the crater to a height of nearly eight miles. A strange circumstance is the forming of a loose red clayey soil out of the volcano. This covered an area one mile wide by two miles long, and was heaped up in some places to the height of thirty feet. The scene as described in the letter of an eye witness, was one of the grandest on record.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Derby race took place on Epsom Downs, on May 27th. The race was won by Sir Joseph Hawley's bay colt, Blue Gown. The time was 2 min. 44 sec.

Telegrams from Sidney, say that Prince Alfred has left for England in command of his ship, the steam frigate Galatea. He was quite well. Farrell, the attempted assassin of the Prince, was executed on April 23nd.

Barrett, the Fenian, who was convicted of causing the Clerkenwell explosion, was hanged at Newgate, on the 26th of May.

PRUSSIA.—Prussia has taken the initiative in the proposed general disarmament. By command of King William, a reduction is to be made in the Landwehr.

TURKEY.—A very formidable revolt has just broken out in the Province of Bosnia, in Turkey. Troops are being pushed forward from Constantinople to quell the disorder.

GALLICIA.—Despatches from Warsaw report that bands of Polish exiles, said to have been recruited in France, have appeared on the frontier of Gallicia, and are making riotous demonstrations. It is believed that Langiewics, the leader of the Polish insurrection, is at their head.

A Happy Home.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

Ladies—We may truly say with Tupper,

"Oh, happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of love."

But when husbands and wives talk of their rights, of the other's duty, we fear they have fallen short of that high and perfect unity which makes one forgetful of self. Those who truly love are bound by better, brighter links than those of right, or duty, even. There are exacting women with whom a husband even never feels the freedom of love, but is always in bondage to courtesy or ceremony. I remember that air of triumph with which one of these opened a letter from her husband, written within an hour after she left him, saying, as she read, "There! I knew I should hear from him soon; for he forgot to ask me to write to him when he took leave of me at the cars, and he knew I would not send a word, if I stayed away all winter, unless he asked me to do so." To this I said, "It is not possible that you need an assurance from your husband that he wants to hear from you?" She answered, "No doubt he is always very anxious for letters when I am away, but he has got to ask for them if he gets them, and he knows it too."

The way in which married persons speak of their life partners, is often suggestive as to the grade or character of the relationship they sustain to each other. For instance, when a wife says, with an air of contentment, "My husband is very indulgent," it suggests childhood, rather than intelligent, helpful, loving copartnership. Or when the husband leaves an invalid wife in my care, and tells me he does not want me to allow her to do thus and so, it conveys the same idea.

We often hear it said of a husband that he is fond of his wife; Well, so he is of his beefsteak and coffee, and it seems as if she were placed in the same category of creature comforts. When a wife evidently wishes to say the least possible of her husband, assures us he is a "good provider," you conclude he is to her like the Dutch woman's husband, "the most convenietest thing about the house, except her new cooking-stove." Now marriage in its true estate implies good providing on the part of both, as far as possible.

To sustain a good home requires not only a steady income, but an intelligent expenditure. A loving wife, with health and sense will make the family supplies last like the widow's cruse of oil, but, lacking these, she will soon breed a famine or bring her husband to bankruptcy.

All cool calculations as to whether a man can afford to marry, grate harshly on the soul of real womanhood. As if a wife was to be an expensive luxury, like a fine house or a fast horse, that one must have a good income to sustain in proper style. We don't wonder that thoughtful, reliable young men are afraid to marry, lest they shall not be able to meet home expenses. The way in which our girlish graduates ignore domestic work; the smirk and sneer with which they shirk everything that helps to cover the body or supply the stomach, is enough to make one afraid to become a responsible partner with such. Poor pictures, poor music, and poor bread make a poor home, even when it is warmed with an abundance of gay worsted work. Beside this, the way in which a multitude of modern wives whine and worry about their domestic cares, is enough to disgust any sensible man and make him dread family responsibilities. Yes, we are sorry that our best young men are afraid to marry, but we do not wonder at it. Now men's hearts grow dry and women's desolate, for want of that companionship which is found only in a well assorted marriage. Woman alone in the world often seems to stand as a cipher, at the right side of right the man she counts ten; at the wrong side of the wrong man she is like a decimal, and diminish him tenfold. If our young folks were as ready to begin housekeeping in a small way as their parents did, and the young wife was, like her grandmother, a helpmeet indeed, then they could go on comfortably, even with a small salary, and the number of indigent husbands and invalid wives would be greatly diminished. Beginning with a fine establishment, which in itself invites much company and calls for a retinue of servants, the young mistress fails, under the combined cares of housekeeping and maternity. If she has no children she is usually worse off still. A story to illustrate. I was called to a thriving town in the southern part of the state to see an invalid wife. The husband, a brisk man with a world of business on hand, met me at the station. As we made our way through the finest street to a first-class residence, he told me this story, which is a fair sample of many I hear. He had married a country girl in good health, who had helped a widowed mother to do their work. He had brought her to a home of abundance, furnished her with plenty of hired help, and though unburdened with business or babies, she had broken in health, and what was still more discouraging, he had brought the best of physicians, and yet she was no better, but rather worse. He was disgusted with the doctors, though they were his personal friends, and had sent for me to see whether he must always have a sick wife; if so, he must bear it. He loved her, and would be glad to make her well and happy, if he knew how, but he was unable to do either. Well, we found the invalid wife in an easy chair, handsomely attired, her pretty slippers resting on an embroidered stool. She was a woman of fine physical organization, power enough of mind and body to accomplish great good, if well directed, and to work much mischief if misused. It seemed that without any acute sickness, or assignable cause, she had become dyspeptic, weak in the back, and unable to walk. She had been treated for all manner of infirmities, special and general, and still had grown steadily worse. When the husband took me back to the railroad station, he said,

"Do you know what is the matter with my wife?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell me?"

"Yes, if you are ready for the truth."

"I am!" he answered.

"Well, you are occupied with your store, your farm, and your mill, which satisfies your business ability, and as to your social nature, you are generous and kind, but not demonstrative. That beautiful wife of yours has nothing to do but to think of her house, think of her dress, think of you. The result is, she has all kinds of longings, when you are out of sight, and no real rest when you return; for with your head and hands full of business, you have not much time for petting and caressing her, when you are at home. Hence, when you are gone, she fears she does not please you, and gets a heartache, which, when it is chronic, begets all manner of aches, from top to toe, and especially simulates, and often induces that class of infirmities which bear the very disagreeable cognomen of 'Female Diseases.'"

The strong man listened to all this and much more, with the quiet deference of a child, and said, with a sigh,

"I guess you are right! Has she told you this?"

"No," I replied; "she is deluded with the idea that she is diseased."

"Well," said he, "what can I do about it? I thought I had done well for her, when I took her from domestic drudgery and placed her in this nice home, with every thing at hand."

"Put you in such a place," I replied, "and thus cramp your energies, and you would be restless as a lion, and cross as a bear, instead of meekly dreaming yourself into desponding invalidism."

"Oh, I could not live so!" he replied.

Neither can a woman who has any real soul. When "olive plants" are plenty to care for, a woman may have head, hand and heart well employed. But in the lack of these, she must have other work. We talk of maiden ladies growing selfish, nervous and exacting, or, as we say, "notional," but I have seen more married ladies than ancient maidens who bear these marks. Husbands, over-indulgent, often intensify these peculiarities, and then grow weary of what they have induced. They often pet and circumscribe her healthful energies, and then wonder why she grows so weak and exacting. A very distinguished statesman, whom I greatly respect, was conferring with me in reference to his invalid wife, feeling sorry that she had lost her native energy and cheer. I told him she had nothing to do which would keep either alive. And so we had a pleasant parley, not on politics, but on woman's needs; he maintaining that his wife was much too delicate to do anything, and I that she would be delicate until she did do something. But seriously, many good men, wise men, generous men, fail to see that they should help their wives and daughters to some encouraging, ennobling work. Infirmities, both imaginary and real, would be lessened, cured often, by some occupation corresponding with the needs of head and heart.

The sorrow and solicitude which many have from the fear that they are not appreciated, not loved, would vanish before useful work, like mist before the rising sun. Almost every wife sees in her husband not only some manly elements, which first won her heart, but also some peculiarities which try her spirit somewhat, perhaps sorely. On the latter she often dwells till it wears and wears, and she says with a sigh, "I have one of the best of husbands, but he is peculiar and don't seem to understand me, he was differently brought up;" or, "Men can't appreciate a woman's sensibilities;" or, "This is just what I thought I could never bear in a husband; if it had been anything else, I could have stood it better." Well, perhaps it is just what is hardest for you to endure, and if so, it is doubtless just what you most needed. Just as the intelligent gymnast, or skillful physician giving Swedish Movements, taxes those muscles which are debilitated by disease, so our mental and moral natures reflect its dormant power, and are aroused and strengthened by the bearing of that which we think we cannot and will not endure. As the German women walk strong and erect by the burdens they carry on their heads, so the Christian woman's spiritual nature is steadied and strengthened by every load she sustains well.

We have been surprised to see how strong and beautiful some women have grown, whose lots seem to us very hard; and we have been more surprised to see how weak and selfish some have become, who seemingly had multiplied social blessings. Our Lord said truly, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye might have peace." Not merely petty, poetical trials, such as over sensitive ones find, and idealists make, but real, genuine trouble, which is hard to bear, and can only be borne aright, by the aid of the Good Spirit. As to whether trials come as direct Fatherly discipline, or through the Prince of evil, as Job was tried, we will not attempt to decide, for, in either case, if we find the heavenly Helper, we shall be bettered thereby. The best of saints often seem to suffer most from sinners, and perhaps thereby realize the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the most perfect of peacemakers have passed through the most heart-rending trials.

Those who live merely to be pretty and happy, fall short, physically and spiritually, of that unto which they should attain. Those happy unions where both parties live to please each other, develope a devotion which is truly charming; but if they know no higher aim in life than to please, they are not strong in the Lord. Their piety is of the esthetical type rather than the self-denying. Women who thus live have a sort of refined selfishness, which often shows them to be very unlike Him who pleased not himself. When bereaved, their "idol is broken, their earth-star is fled," and they have to hunt anew for the heavenly Light which they once thought they had found.

"But," says one, "why do we find so many women delicate, diseased, in the most charming of Christian homes, with the most considerate of husbands at the head of the same—homes, where all that wealth, intelligence and affection can do is done to make the inmates healthy and happy; where farm, garden and greenhouse; where libraries, parlors and boudoirs; where music, painting, and statuary, all unite to gratify every sense?" Such are truly overburdened by beauties and blessings. Excess enfeebles as surely as a scarcity. The life led by such women begets an over-sensitive nervous system. They fail of that muscular as well as moral tonic, which is mysteriously given those who live simply that they may help others more abundantly. Those whose chief aim is to beautify themselves and their surroundings, never find the true fountain of strength and cheer. We saw in our late war how much "weak women" could do when strengthened by the consciousness of a greatly needed work. Wives and mothers in private life are quietly teaching this lesson every day, and few know that their strength comes not from themselves, but with their work.

When husband and wife stand hand to hand, heart to heart, they are strong in the Lord and to each other. If we live in Christ, we shall both labor and suffer with him, because of this world of sin. Paul says, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and then, lest any should think by this that they might lean heavily, says also, "Let every one bear his own burdens."—*The Herald of Health.*

Where to Go?

Among the recent questions and answers at the New York Farmers' Club was the following:—

INQUIRIES FROM A MAN AT THE HUB.—E. L. Benjamin, Boston, Mass.: The writer has, from nothing, scrubbed together about $15,000, here in New England, and finds it just sufficient to make him and his family miserable, especially the family, who continually desire, and think they can afford to ape the extravagances of their richer relations and neighbors, thus making it impossible for the nominal "head," but actual tail, of the family, either to enjoy his possessions or to increase them. After considerable reflection I have come to the conclusion that my earthly salvation must come through going West. But to what particular state is the sticker. From what I have been able to gather, imperfectly, I have thought that Kansas or Nebraska might suit me as well as any. I desire a healthy climate, milder than New England—hardly any, it seems to me, could be worse—good schools, having several young children to train and educate, and a good soil, favorable to the growth of a large variety of fruits in abundance. I am not ambitious to become a farmer on a large scale, but I should like a garden of several acres, which would yield both pleasure and profit, and this I should like near some young growing city, where I could witness human as well as vegetable development, or it might suit me to engage in active business for a part of each day, Sundays, perhaps, excepted. I believe that people who conclude to omit the rural part of a programme in their lives either through laziness or ignorance, no matter how much money they succeed in amassing, don't half know the pleasure which an earthly existence is capable of affording. Now, who will tell me about Kansas and Nebraska? What sort of a place is Omaha, and its surroundings?

REPLY.—This plan of yours is by no means new. Thousands of men have carried it out near Western towns; they cultivate a little land, and keep a horse and cow; everything about the place is as neat as wax-work; they have early cucumbers and potatoes, and they make it a rule to ride into town every day, where they hang around banks, insurance offices, and book stores; they buy close, always pay down, and are dreaded by shopkeepers; they are cautious, and seldom engage in any enterprise unless it be to buy a block and build a few houses to rent, or shave notes, but, considering their means and opportunities, they accomplish little, for they are respectable loafers. But even this class is about to be exploded in these high pressure days. Take your case for example. If you must be near a town where there are churches, good schools and society, you will find Boston ideas come in by every train. In Omaha, Leavenworth, Lawrence, Topeka, or almost any other Western town, a family is vulgar and low, and of course cannot enter the first society, if it has more than two children, and it is the fashion to have these die as soon as convenient. Sir, to be happy, you must either get away from a town, or be so poor as to wish you had never gone there. You and yours are wanted in the interior, and there, with your $15,000, you can cut some figure. Go down into the Neosho country, in Kansas, as much as 20 miles from a town, buy 3,000 acres of land, build a comfortable house, plant an orchard of 50 or 100 acres, raise stock, do not be in a hurry with any business till you learn it, get a school teacher, if you want a preacher, buy one, and set up a country of your own. Your boys can ride after stock on Indian ponies, your wife can keep geese, and have Indian girls to do housework, and you will have everything in abundance. Naturally, you will keep tavern, as all the country gentlemen do in the Southwest, when you will have a plenty of company and get pay for it. This was the way old Hickory lived, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Washington. Montaigne wrote his beautiful Essays in such a rural home, and such is the life of the English gentlemen and lords of the manor. In 20 years you will have an estate worth $100,000; yourself will be County Judge, member of the Legislature, or, perhaps, Governor; your girls will wear ear-rings four inches long, and your wife will be the grandest lady in those parts, while she will do more honor to Boston than Boston can do to her.

☞ The manufacturers are funny fellows. Other interests—jobbers, publishers, mechanics, farmers—when their business is bad, quietly "grin and bear it." But the manufacturer, after making perhaps $50,000 a year for ten years, suddenly finds himself making *only* $10,000. Immediately he sets up a howl as if the world were coming to an end—holds conventions, starts off delegations to Congress—wants something done, *not* to help everybody, and he as one of them, but to help him in particular, careless as to what becomes of the rest of mankind.

☞ The dead body of a man discovered in the cupboard of an unfinished house in the suburbs of London, has been identified by so many persons, that the police are nonplussed. Each individual is positively certain that he can recognize the remains as those of a friend.

☞ "Hiram," said a down East farmer to his "hired man," who was working in a field, "it looks as if it might rain. 'Spose you leave off work and go play dig cellar."

☞ Some lady writer in the Brooklyn Iowan says:—"The signs of the times are pregnant with matrimony. The winds whisper it, the forests echo it, and the stars tremble for joy."

☞ A lady in New York sent a request to a friend to accompany her to Grace Church. The reply came back: "Sorry, but I'm dressed for St. Paul's."

☞ Jackson Haines, the American champion skater, has recently performed in the principal cities of Hungary. At Pesth not less than five thousand persons witnessed his wonderful performance, and the Magyar aristocracy lavished the most flattering proofs of their admiration upon him.

☞ "Mynheer, do you know for what we calls our boy Hans?" "Really I do not." "Vell, I'll tell you; der reason we calls our boy Hans—das ish his name."

☞ Speaking of suicide: There is an excellent French saying: "I do not understand suicide. Life is too short for one to have time for impatience with it."

☞ London is astonished by the performances of a young lady from Batavia, who accomplishes the useless feat of playing two airs with each hand on the piano-forte and sings a fifth simultaneously, thus beating "Blind Tom" out and out.

A Strange Dream and a Wedding.

One of the happiest men that ever journeyed a hundred miles from Michigan, took the Toledo express recently, at Fremont, bound for Toledo and his home in Michigan. He told a strange story, of which the following is the substance:

Some weeks since, while at home in Michigan, he retired to rest after a hard day's work, and falling asleep, dreamed a dream. He appeared to have taken a long journey from "home," where he had been located for years, and had scarcely lost sight of, and where he had lived "a happy old bach," and never thought of matrimony.

In that dream a vision appeared unto him. He arrived at a place in Ohio, called Fremont. It appeared that soon after his arrival in that place he formed the acquaintance of a young lady, and that after a short but happy courtship, he married her and returned to his home in Michigan, where he became wealthy, lived happily, and raised a numerous family of children, and in time trotted his grandchildren upon his knee. He then awoke; it was broad daylight, and his mother was at his door calling him down to breakfast.

At the breakfast-table he related his dream to the old lady, and she was deeply impressed with it. He told her it was his intention to at once seek out the beautiful creature of whom he had dreamed; and the old lady, believing there was a special providence in it, and being also a firm believer in dreams, advised him by all means to go and find her if he could, and if he couldn't find her, to bring back an Ohio girl any way, "for you know," said she, "the Ohio girls are right smart." So John packed up his little wardrobe and took the first train out for Ohio, and lost no time in reaching Fremont.

When he arrived at that place he was surprised to discover that the sign at the depot, containing the name of the place, was an exact duplicate of the one he had seen in his dream, and that the depot building and general appearance of the city corresponded exactly with his vision. He put up at the Kepler House and began his search. For two or three days he was unsuccessful, but finally, just before he was on the point of returning home, he came face to face with a maiden at the post-office. "'Tis she," said he, all to himself, and then he walked up manfully and told her his story, his dream, and of his place in Michigan, and frankly asked her to share his lot with him.

She said something about its being sudden; she would rather wait a few days before giving an answer; but he was determined to have it there and then, and she finally said she was all his own. He accompanied her to her home, and that evening he told her fond parents all about it. And they pronounced it good. The day following they were married, and at once commenced their journey Michigan-ward.

The man was a fine looking fellow, and so happy that he could scarcely contain himself. He protested roundly that it was the woman he saw in his dream that he had met and married, and that all, from first to last, had been exactly as he pictured in his dream. The lady was a pleasant appearing, comely looking lady, a few years younger than the man, and seemed to be brimfull of fun, and to enjoy the novelty of the thing fully as much as her husband. Take them all in all, they were well matched, and were doubtless made for each other. He said only one thing was lacking to make his happiness complete, and that was the fulfillment of the latter part of his dream.—*Cleveland Leader.*

American Song Birds.

A homesick Englishman, said to be Charles Mackay, residing on Staten Island, N. Y., gives expression to his feelings in some dolorous lines which appear in "All the Year Round." After describing the scenery he says he "misses the music of the groves in leafy Staten Island:"

"There's not a bird in glen or shaw
That has a note worth hearing;
Unvocal all as barn-door fowls,
Or land-rails in the clearing.

"Give me the skylark far aloft
To heaven up singing, soaring;
Or nightingale, at close of day,
Lamenting but adoring!"

In explanation of this statement the editor of "All the Year Round" feels called upon to say that "in America there are neither daisies, nor primroses, nor skylarks, nor nightingales, nor any bird with a musical note except the mocking-bird, which is not often heard north of Maryland."

This slur upon our American song-birds must not pass without notice. We acknowledge our lack of daisies and primroses, though we think we can show wild flowers quite as beautiful, but we deny that we have no bird with a musical note. Many of our songsters are as sweet singers as their boasted English rivals, though not so often heard. And it is just here that our English cousins have the advantage of us. Their song-birds are familiar. The skylark soars singing to heaven's gate from her lowly nest in the field, and its musical notes are a homelike sound. But our sweetest singers are shy and solitary, like the melodious wood thrush, whose notes heard in the deep recesses of the forest are never forgotten. The hermit thrush, too, equals the nightingale in a song, but is seldom seen about the haunts of men. One who has ever listened, as we have, on a mountain top, at close of day, to the long drawn notes, ending with a double trill, of the white-throated sparrow, would cease to regret the absence of even the skylark. The notes linger in the memory long after they are heard. The brown thrush, too, is only inferior to the mocking-bird in musical talents. But as we have said most of our sweetest singers are of retiring habit, while those familiar about our fields, as the robin and the sparrow, have but a chirping or twittering note.

QUACKERY.—At a recent lecture before the medical class of Bellevue College, the professor said in treating a case of scarlet fever, it was the worst kind of quackery to give drug medicines; that proper nursing and hygienic agents were all sufficient, and that the usual remedies of the profession did much harm and often caused death. If this be true, there is an immense amount of quackery in the profession, for the drug treatment is still advised in the medical books.

☞ A young woman in Richmond, Va., who rejected a lover three or four years ago, has just received notice from the young man's administrator that all his property, amounting in value to about $20,000, was bequeathed to her. Go, all young women, and do likewise!

Resist the Beginning.

The Arabs have a fable of a miller, who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced by the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

The *moral* of the fable concerns all. When temptation occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its "nose" to come in. Everything like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields even the smallest degree will soon be entirely overcome: and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

☞ A visitor at a school in Michigan saw the flag of our country arranged on the wall of a schoolroom, nearly one-half of which it covered. He thought to "improve" the occasion in a patriotic way, and, with that purpose, asked one of the pupils what the flag was there for. "To cover up the dirt, sir," was the prompt reply. We are sorry to say that the flag is often used by corrupt politicians with just such an object—"to cover up the dirt."

LOSS OF HAIR.

From a Chicago Merchant.

CHICAGO, March 4, 1868.

Messrs Joseph Burnett & Co.—Gentlemen: I send you a statement regarding the wonderful efficacy of your COCOAINE in the case of my wife. In several cases of severe sickness occurring during the past ten years, she in each case lost a large portion of her hair, but the use of your COCOAINE invariably proved a remedy. Its effect in each instance has been truly wonderful, causing a thick growth of hair, Very Long, and the subject of much remark by all of her lady friends. She uses the Cocoaine constantly, and I am confident no longer or thicker hair can be found on any lady's head. In addition it certainly beautifies the hair beyond any other dressing, and is free from the matting and soiling properties of pomades and other oils. Yours, truly, S. PECK.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

"It Works like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lameness!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!

Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.

WILLIAM RENNE sole Proprietor,
Pittsfield, Mass.

For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street. my30-3m

THE people have been so much imposed upon by several worthless Sarsaparillas, that we are glad to be able to recommend a preparation which can be depended on as containing the virtues of that invaluable medicine, and is worthy of the public confidence. Dr. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures when anything can cure the diseases that require an alterative medicine. my30-2t

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT will effect a cure in cases of Gout and Rheumatism after all other remedies have failed. Be not deceived, ye who suffer with these racking pains—this salve is your only hope.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of May, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM T. SENIOR, of this city, to Miss SALLIE HOWE, formerly of Attleboro', Bucks county, Pa.

On the 25th of May, by the Rev. Jos. T. Cooper, D. D., Mr. ROBERT GIBSON to Miss HENRIETTA QUIGLEY, both of this city.

On the 25th of May, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN D. BORDEN to Miss CAROLINE E. THUMLERT, both of Salem county, N. J.

On the 29th of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOHN BARNES to Miss LAVINIA C. LECHLER, both of this city.

On the 10th of May, by the Rev. S. N. Chew, Mr. CHARLES C. HAINES to Miss KATE C. LUKENS, both of this city.

On the 24th of May, by the Rev. W. J. Paxson, Mr. JOHN M. LABBERE to Miss CAROLINE HEXLER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 30th of May, Mr. SAMUEL RIDGEWAY, aged 56 years.

On the 25th of May, Mrs. JANE ADAMS, in her 42d year.

On the 25th of May, HANNAH W. STEEL, in her 62d year.

On the 24th of May, REBECCA HENDERSON, aged 73 years.

On the 24th of May, ELIZABETH F. WERNER, aged 69 years.

On the 22d of May, Mr. WILLIAM BUTLER, aged 58 years.

On the 23d of May, MAGDALINE B. WAGNER, in her 20th year.

On the 22d of May, THOMAS E. BROOKS, in his 62d year.

On the 22d of May, Mr. EDWARD COATES, aged 21 years and 7 months.

On the 21st of May, CLARISSA ENDOWER, in her 72d year.

GIPSY EYES.

Gipsy eyes, so dark and tender,
Read not thus my inmost soul;
Gipsy Beauty, in thy splendor,
Of this heart accept the whole.
Dark as wine thy silken tresses,
Twined with braids of varied dyes—
Thou who spurnest my caresses,
Drink'st my soul up through thine eyes.
Fair Gitana, Gipsy beauty,
Thou art queen, it needs but seeing.
Since to love thee is a duty,
Drain not thus my whole life's being!

Gipsy eyes, so deep and earnest,
Turn their gaze, sweet maid, from me,
Since to ashes thus thou burnest
This poor heart unpityingly.
Spare me, Gipsy—I adore thee—
Dream of thee by night and day.
As I bow me here before thee,
Droop those lids and spare to slay.
Fair Gitana, Gipsy beauty,
Thou art queen—there's no gainsaying.
Since to love thee is a duty,
Spare thy lover, humbly praying.

Gipsy eyes—your soul-lit beaming
Fills my spirit night and day.
Gipsy maid, amid my dreaming
Thy sweet presence haunts me aye;
Though the dance's wildest measure
I should seek to fly from thee,
In the midst of mirth and pleasure
Thy dark glance would follow me.
Fair Gitana, Gipsy beauty,
Thou art queen—I must adore thee.
Since to love thee is a duty,
Low my spirit bows before thee.

Gipsy eyes, why ever haunt me,
Whereso'er my steps may stray?
Nought on earth could ever daunt me,
Could I bask 'neath you for aye:
Pride might flaunt me, wealth might shun me,
I no fairer fate would ask,
Than that your pure light should sun me,
While in your sweet rays I bask.
Fair Gitana, Gipsy beauty,
As your dark eyes burn above me,
Since to love thee is a duty,
In return, I pray thee love me.

Five Brothers' Five Fixes.

NED THE PARSON'S FIX.

According to seniority, Jack the sailor would have followed the last speaker, but he had just lighted a fresh cigar and declared he would not go on next. So Ned the parson was obliged to relate his experience.

"I do not know," he began, "good people, what you mean by a fix; but if you mean an awkward predicament, which for the season is unpleasant, but may or may not end advantageously for the individual chiefly concerned, I can relate to you an interesting narration in which I was the principal performer; but if by fix you intend to designate some circumstance in the chapter of accidents in human life which of necessity must terminate very unpleasantly, like the case of our elder brother Richard, why, all I can say is that—"

"You are an ass, Ned," burst in Dick. "In the first place, you know very well what a fix is. You have not left college long enough to have quite forgotten slang. Secondly, Ned, allow me to remark that my fix did end advantageously, most advantageously, for I got out of matrimony, and saw how nearly through it I had got into trouble. Thirdly, permit me, my dear fellow, to observe, and I will answer for it that the rest of the company, or congregation, as I suppose you would call them, will endorse my observation, that you are not now in the pulpit, and consequently you need not use the longest words you can find; moreover, you may come to the point at once, provided you have a point to come to; and although we happen to be nearly related to you, it is not absolutely necessary that, in the course of your story, you should address us more than once as 'My Brethren,' or 'My dear Brethren.'"

"Very well," replied Ned good-humoredly. "I will tell you a fix, a clerical one to boot; moreover, it is the biggest I ever was in, and yet it ended so advantageously as to start me well in life. Just after I was married, I took the curacy—a sole charge—of B———, in Warwickshire. I resided in the rectory, the rector himself being obliged to live in the south of France. Callers of course came, but, owing to one circumstance and another, we missed seeing most of them. Before we had started on our round of returning visits, I received a friendly note from Mr. Chilmark, a vicar in the neighborhood, stating that, in former times, he had known my father at college; that he had the rural dean and a few friends coming to dine with him on such a day, and that if my wife and I would waive ceremony (we had not then returned his call,) Mrs. Chilmark and he would be much pleased if we would join their dinner-party. I should remark that my wife and I had never seen Mr. or Mrs. Chilmark: we were out in the parish when they called on us. They lived about three miles on the other side of the town of W———, from which we were two miles distant. In those days, I did not keep a close carriage, but drove my wife in an open waggonette. I did not know the country at all well; but having studied the map, and got directions from an acquaintance, I had little doubt but that, with the help of a young moon, I should find my way.

"It so happened that the night of November 17, 185–, was very foggy: the moon was hardly of any use to us. We could find our way to the town of W——— all right, because it was a turnpike-road, and I was acquainted with it; but with regard to the other side of the town and the cross-roads, I hardly knew what to do. I made up my mind to see if I could get on at all; and if I found myself in the least degree puzzled, I determined to go back, and get a hostler from the town, to act as a guide. As we were leaving W———, and about to drive through a turnpike, a well-appointed carriage overtook us, and passed through the gate just before us. I asked the woman at the gate whose carriage it was. 'Mr. Singleton's,' she replied. 'How fortunate,' exclaimed my wife; 'that is the rural dean. We know he is going to dine with the Chilmarks; so you have only to follow close upon him, and we shall be all right.' Acting on my wife's bright suggestion, I did follow the carriage, and that closely. Luckily, my horse was a good one. Occasionally, when near water, we seemed to be plunging through darkness, so thick was the fog. However, all went well; and at last I was glad to follow the carriage before me through an avenue up to a large house, whose hall was blazing with light, and resplendent with the liveries of the servants. We did not take much notice then of these things; but, as I divested myself of my wraps, and my wife was putting herself straight in some back-room, I could not help envying Mr. Chilmark, and thinking that his living must be an exceedingly good one, as he was able to have things in such style.

"In a few minutes we were ushered into the drawing-room, the butler making, as usual, some blunder about our names when announcing us. Mr. and Mrs. Chilmark came forward and kindly accosted us. My wife was installed on a sofa near the fire, and I formed one of a knot of gentlemen lounging in the background. We were a large party, about twenty in number; and as the butler left the room, I thought I heard Mrs. Chilmark give the order 'Dinner.' A few dull moments, as usual, before that meal, when suddenly an electrical shock of a curious nature was communicated to the majority assembled in the drawing-room. The door was opened, and instead of dinner being announced, the butler ushered in Mr. and Mrs. Templeton. There did not appear to me to be anything unusual in this, but evidently a great commotion was created. Persons looked curiously at my wife and myself, and at last Mr. Chilmark touched me on the shoulder, saying: 'May I speak a word with you in the library?' I followed, and noticed my host, in crossing the hall, say something to one of the servants.

"As soon as we were closeted together, Mr. Chilmark's manner changed at once. 'Now, sir,' said he to me, 'what is the meaning of all this? Who are you really? Where do you come from?' Of course I was surprised; and wishing my father's peppery friend, Mr. Chilmark, at the very opposite side of the globe, I calmly stated who I was, and reminded him of his invitation.

"'I invite you, sir!' he roared; 'you—you—you—' He bit his lips to check his angry words.

"'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'you did; and you asked also Mr. Singleton, the rural dean, and I have come, not exactly with him, but just after him.'

"'Stop, sir; no more lies.'

"'Excuse me, sir,' I replied; 'one more word, and I have done. Either you are prematurely drunk, or you are mad. I do not care to dine with either drunkard or madman. I shall call my wife out of the drawing-room, and beg to wish you good-evening.'

"'Excuse *me*, sir,' he hissed through his teeth, while he placed himself between me and the door; 'you will not get off so easily, young man.'

"Now this was a pleasant predicament thus to be closeted with a madman.

"'Pray, may I ask you what on earth you mean?' said I.

"'Pray, may I ask you what on earth *you* mean?' he replied. 'Do you know who I am?—where you are?'

"'Yes; you are Mr. Chilmark, the rector of ———, a very old friend of my father, the late Mr. Temple of ———; I am standing in your library at your rectory, having been asked here to dine; and upon my word, the sooner I get out of your hospitable house, and cut your acquaintance for good, the better I shall be pleased.'

"He grinned horribly as I spoke, and said: 'I am Lord Claydon. This is Claydon Castle. I never asked you to dine; and, in short, you are a scamp. I have already sent for a policeman, and till he arrives, you shall not leave this room.'

"'Well,' thought I, 'thank goodness, he has sent for a policeman; so ere long I shall get rid of this madman's society.' What to do, I knew not. I fixed my eye on him, and tried to master him by staring him out of countenance. We were both silent for a few moments. At last my friend said to me:

"'Your tale is ingenious, young man; but it breaks down. If you were going to dine with Mr. Chilmark, at —— Rectory, how come you to be here, a distance of six miles from your pretended destination?'

"I then explained that I knew the rural dean, Mr. Singleton, was going to dine with Mr. Chilmark—that I was a stranger in the county, and was not acquainted with the roads—that the turnpike-woman told me it was Mr. Singleton's carriage which passed us at the gate, and that I had followed it, and consequently found myself where I now was.

"Light began to dawn somewhat upon the obfuscated senses of both of us. It struck me that my supposed madman was in all probability really Lord Claydon, and that in some way I had made a mess of the matter—missed my leading carriage in the fog, or done something of that kind. I imagine it began to strike the gentleman opposite that possibly after all I might not be an impostor. Lord Claydon—for so I must call him—then said: 'You tell me that you are Mr. Temple, the new curate of ——. What proofs can you give me that you are what you represent yourself?'

"'Plenty to-morrow,' replied I; 'but not many at present. Look at me, however—do I not appear a gentleman and a clergyman?'

"With a kind of ghastly grin, Lord Claydon said: 'That goes for nothing. You are not a bit better got up than—in fact, not so well got up as ——. However, I want more proof.'

"'Proof!' replied I. 'Why, go into your drawing-room, and see if some of your neighbors do not possess more information than yourself, and ask them whether or not a Mr. Temple has not very recently come to be curate of ——.'

"'Oh, very likely that is the case, sir; but I want proofs that you are that Mr. Temple.'

"'Proofs, man!' I cried, getting very impatient—'proofs, man? Why, what am I to do? I cannot refer you to my mother, for she is not here; I do not carry my card-case in my dress-coat; and my wife's evidence is, I suppose, not admissible. I tell you, though, what I can do—I beg to refer you to my pocket-handkerchief, my stockings, and the tail of my shirt. If you like to inspect them, you will find "Edward Temple" written in marking-ink.' So saying, I pulled out my pocket-handkerchief, and indignantly threw it on the table. Lord Claydon took it up, carelessly glanced at it, and then, smiling, showed me 'E. H. C.' embroidered in the corner. To my intense annoyance, I saw that my wife had placed in my pocket a fine scented handkerchief of her own, that I might seem grand, I suppose; and not only that, but the pocket-handkerchief was one of her marriage outfit; and marked—goodness knows for what reason, though I could suggest many, and none of them creditable to the fair sex—with the initials of her maiden name—the said pocket-handkerchief, mind you, being never to be used till she became Mrs. Edward Temple. I was not pleased at all this; and you know it too, Lizzie," said Ned, turning to his laughing wife, and then went on: "I explained matters to Lord Claydon, and said: 'It really looks awkward; but may I beg you to examine my stockings, and the tail of my shirt. My wife's stockings would not fit me, and she can hardly have a shirt made like this.' So saying, I began to kick off my dress Wellington boot.

"Lord Claydon interrupted me: 'My dear sir, I cannot allow that. Be kind enough to forgive and excuse me for what has taken place. I could not subject a gentleman to the test you propose; and if I have by any chance been taken in again'—and he laughed—'all I can say is, I have been deceived by the most perfect facsimilie of a gentleman.'"

"Come, Ned, draw it mild," suggested Settler Dick.

"'Well,' returned Ned, 'those were the words he used, and as he spoke, he held out his hand: 'Forgive me, will you?' Our hands met in a mutual squeeze. He sat down for a moment at the table, wrote a hasty note, and then taking my arm within his, led me to the drawing-room. As he crossed the hall, he gave the note to a servant, with a message, of which all I caught was: 'Give that to ——.'

"A few moments after we entered the drawing-room, dinner was announced. Lord Claydon took my wife in, and I had an honorable companion intrusted to my care, and found myself in a prominent position at the table. The first glass of champagne had just been handed round, when, in a kind of stage-whisper, the butler announced to Lord Claydon: 'The policeman has come, my lord.' His lordship bit his lip, and looked sheepish but said nothing.

"After dinner, a note was handed to him. He hastily skimmed it, and at once rose and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, at an ordinary dinner-party, speeches are detestable, and the drinking of healths a thing of bygone days; and yet I must make the one, and propose the other. Lady Claydon and I had asked our new neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, to dine here to-day. We had not met on the occasion of our calling, but I had had Mr. Templeton pointed out to me in the street. When Mr. and Mrs. Temple were introduced, I naturally concluded they were Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, especially as my butler mumbled the name, though I confess Mr. Temple hardly appeared to be the same person who had been pointed out to me in the street as Mr. Templeton. However, persons look different by candlelight and daylight. When Mr. and Mrs. Templeton were afterwards ushered into the drawing-room, I was astonished. I at once recognized Mr. Templeton as the gentleman who had been pointed out to me under that name. The question, of course, arose, who can Mr. Temple be? He must be an impostor. We adjourned to my library, and a discussion took place between us, which, on my part, was certainly more animated than polite. It ended in my being quite satisfied that Mr. Temple was a gentleman, though how he came to my house I cannot exactly understand. I wrote a hurried line to Mr. Chilmark just before dinner, and I have now got an answer to the effect that Mr. Temple was to have dined with him to-day, but that he is glad to learn that by accident he is enjoying what Mr. Chilmark is pleased to call the superior hospitality of Claydon Castle. As to superior hospitalities, all I can say is, that I most sincerely hope Mr. Temple will kindly forgive my inhospitable treatment of him before dinner. I will make him the most ample apology he likes for my uncourteous suspicion; and let me add for his information—for the rest of you have heard the story—that my uncourteous suspicions arose from the fact of a well-got-up, gentlemanly clergyman calling here a few days ago with his wife at luncheon-time. He represented himself as being the Secretary for the Society for ——, showed me his receipt-book, and talked glibly of matters and persons connected with the Society. The end of the affair was that he and his wife lunched here. I paid him a cheque for five hundred pounds, being a legacy lately left by my friend, Mr. ———, to the Society. Unfortunately for me, I happened to be Mr. ———'s executor. I also paid him my annual subscription to the Society. He and his wife made a good lunch, pocketed my silver spoons and forks, and their coachman stole some things from the stable and the servants-hall. So you see, Mr. Temple, I am just now more than usually suspicious of gentlemanly parsons.'

"A good-natured laugh at the expense of Lord Claydon and myself ran round the table. It appeared on inquiry that Mr. Ambrose, who was dining with Lord Claydon, drove a pair of grays and a close carriage, as likewise did Mr. Singleton, the rural dean, who was dining with Mr. Chilmark. The turnpike-woman had mistaken one carriage for the other, and owing to the mis-direction, I had followed the wrong carriage. Hence my fix, at the bottom of which you will observe was a woman. However all's well that ends well. Lord Claydon took very kindly to me. I was a constant visitor at Claydon Castle; and when the living I now hold became vacant, Lord Claydon used his influence successfully with the late Lord Chancellor to get me appointed as the new vicar."

A FEMININE PORTRAIT.

BY E. J. CUTLER.

She was fair;
Her rich luxuriance of hair
Was brown in sunshine, black in shade—
A woven witchery of braid;
Hers was the liquid depth of eye
The Cenci holds the ages by;
No dimple marred her rounded cheek;
Her chin was chiselled like the Greek;
But when she spoke, her mouth's sweet grace
Seemed the perfection of her face.
The flawless jewel of her mind
Was worthy to be so enshrined—
The instinct sure, the reason clear;
At times, a reticence like fear;
At times, of words the simple art
Of those who find them in the heart.

☞ "How many feet long was the snake?" asked a person of a traveller who had just related a story of his encounter with a boa killed by him. "One hundred and ninety-two inches," was the reply; "snakes have no feet."

☞ A countryman seeing in the financial article published that six per cent. is paid for "carrying" specie, offers to come to the city and "carry it for any reasonable distance for not more'n two per cent."

Foreign Blunders.

The ignorance of Englishmen respecting the United States has been the subject of frequent comment and much astonishment. Yet how complete and widespread this ignorance is, none save those who have themselves sojourned for some time in England can fully imagine. It is no exaggeration to say that the more intelligent and cultivated portions of English society know far more about the geography of Abyssinia and the inhabitants of Asia Minor than they do about the United States and the so-called Yankees. Were an American to state before an assemblage of intellectual, educated people in London that Illinois was a thriving town in the lovely State of Philadelphia, that the cataract of Niagara was formed by the Mississippi river as it flowed over the Rocky Mountains into Lake Superior, and that lions, tigers, and hyenas prowled amid the virgin forests of the State of Natchez, his assertions would pass uncontradicted and unquestioned.

Every traveller in England has some amusing story to relate about the ludicrous mistakes into which this ignorance leads the unwary wight who attempts to converse about our country. The daughter of an eminent English surgeon, for example, on being presented to a young American lady who was in very delicate health, remarked sympathizingly: "You must have found the long sea voyage from America very fatiguing, *but perhaps you came by land!*" An English lady, connected by marriage with an eminent Pennsylvania family, asked an American, not very long ago, in London, if Philadelphia was near Pennsylvania?

A well-known resident of Philadelphia was once entertaining, at dinner, a young English gentleman, who had brought letters of introduction to him from a friend residing in London. In the course of conversation he mentioned his intention of taking his guest out to drive the next day, for the purpose of showing him whatever the environs of the city afforded of interest to a stranger. The Englishman expressed his thanks. "But could you not, my dear sir," he said, "in the course of our drive, take me where I can see a prairie and a few buffalo?"

The following is a literal transcription of a dialogue which occurred in Paris: Time, 1864—scene, the reading-room of the Grand Hotel. American lady seated by the window reading the *Herald*—English lady at the table turning over a file of the *London Times*. Enter colored nurse, black as the ace of spades, gives message to American lady, and exit.

English lady to American—"I *beg* your pardon, madam, but will you tell me if that colored person is from the Confederate States?"

American lady—"No, madam, she is from the city of Philadelphia."

English lady—"Indeed! Are *all* the people of Philadelphia that color?"

An American was conversing with a French count recently at an evening party, in Paris, when she happened to mention the name of Washington. "Ah! oui, Vasington!" exclaimed her companion—"Le grand homme qui a fondu la Philadelphie?"

But such mistakes as these are more pardonable than are those ludicrous errors which so often astonish the student of English literature. Dean Swift, in a letter written in 1720 (*Works*, vol. ix., p. 387,) says that he was very well acquainted with William Penn, who assured him that Pennsylvania "wanted the shelter of mountains, which left it open to the northern winds from Hudson's Bay and the Frozen Sea, which destroyed all plantations of trees, and were even pernicious to all common vegetables! But indeed," adds Swift, "New York, Virginia, and other parts less northward or more defended by mountains, are described as excellent countries." This statement is most extraordinary, as Swift very well knew that Pennsylvania means the wooded country of Penn, and it is quite incredible that the founder of this Commonwealth should have stated that the winds from the Frozen Sea destroyed all plantations of trees! An early English traveller, when Mr. Jefferson was President, relates his astonishment on visiting the Chestnut Street Theatre to find "The President, Mr. Jefferson," delighting a large audience by his comical caricature of Richard the Third. Lawrence, the brilliant author of *Guy Livingstone*, remarks in *Border and Bastile* (p. 24,) that "It was pleasant, from the ferry-boat which was our last change, to meet the lights of Philadelphia gleaming out on the *broad, dark Susquehanna*. A feat of vision only paralleled by that of Le Capitaine Pamphile, the hero of one of the earlier novels of the elder Dumas, who saw Philadelphia "rising like a queen between the green waters of the Delaware and the blue waves of Ocean." Amelia B. Edwards, authoress of *Barbara's History* and *Half a Million of Money*, in her charming novel of *Hand and Glove*, (p. 233 of the Tauchnitz edition,) says that "All day long, Claude paces backward and forward like an overseer on a *Massachussetts* cotton plantation."

The novel entitled *Zoe's Brand*, published by Chapman & Hall, and afterward included in the Tauchnitz Series, has never, we believe, been reprinted in this country. The scene is laid chiefly in the Southern States, and the heroine is one of those quadroons of dazzling beauty so common in English novels, and so rarely to be found anywhere else. The whole book abounds with errors of the most laughable description. In one place the authoress speaks of the "scarlet Virginian nightingale," a bird certainly unknown to Audubon. She evidently imagines, also, that the mocking-bird is a sort of small, brown parrot, as the following extract will show:

"He had not been many minutes in the drawing-room, when a mocking-bird's clear note rang out upon the stillness—

"'Zoe, Zoe! pretty Zoe, pretty, pretty Zoe,' cried the bird, as it bowed and curtsied on its perch, jerking up and down its long, brown tail as if in an ecstasy of happiness.

"A sudden pang of jealousy seized upon the listener.

"'Good God!' he thought, 'who could have taught the bird to say such words as these?'" (Vol. ii., p. 21 English edition; p. 230 Tauchnitz edition.)

The following paragraph gives the writer's idea of the climate and geographical position of New Orleans:

"A high, bleak, searching wind was whirling through the streets and along the levee. She stood there shivering, for the high wind, blowing straight from the wintry regions of ice-bound Canada, pierced through her slender covering." (Vol. i., p. 316 English edition.)

We will close this comedy of errors by transcribing, without comment, the concluding lines of an article on Benjamin Franklin, entitled "Love Passages in the Life of a Philosophor," which appeared in *Once a Week*, number for June 16, 1866 (new series, vol. i., p. 658):

"A few days afterward Franklin embarked with Richard, at Havre, for America, and, as is more generally known as matter of history, upon his return to Philadelphia was elected Governor of that state" (qu. the state of Philadelphia?), "and shortly afterward *President of the United States!*"

This gross ignorance on the part of educated persons in England is owing in great part to the exclusive attention to the classics and mathematics which characterizes the schools, colleges and universities of Great Britain—an ignorance to which it is said the English owe the loss of the fine island of Java. The story is that the minister by whom it was ceded, in 1816, to Holland, was under the impression that it was too small and insignificant a place to contend about.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Fatal Blunder.

Some years since, two French criminals raised public indignation to a very high pitch. One was a physician named Castaing, a man of rare attainments in his profession, whose open face and pleasant manners won him a host of friends. He poisoned his intimate friend after first persuading him to make a will in the former's favor. The other criminal was a master of the public schools named Papavoine. He had a monomania for killing children. He would entice them into secluded places and slay them.

Castaing had a brother in the army, a cavalry officer, distinguished for his gallantry, education, talents, good nature and good manners. Overwhelmed with grief and shame by his brother's crime and execution, he determined to withdraw from the world, and hide those sorrows and blushes which were thenceforth to be his portion in life. He went to the colonel of his regiment bearing his resignation. The colonel refused to accept it, saying, "My dear fellow, you are crazy! Attainder of blood is a mediæval folly. Now-a-days men are taken for what they are worth, and as their kinsmen's virtues avail them nothing, neither do their kinsmen's crimes tarnish them. Besides, the flag is a soldier's tent which shelters one from the contempt of fools and bad men. You must not quit us; withdraw your resignation, I beg of you." This kindness raised the officer's depressed spirits, and as now the flag was indeed his only home, he withdrew his resignation.

The colonel felt he had not done enough, and he ought to make Castaing feel everybody in the regiment desired him to remain among them. So he called on the general and said to him, "General, do you know Castaing?" "To be sure I do. One of the greatest scoundrels of modern times. A vile assassin!" "No, general; his brother; an officer in our regiment." "The brother of that scoundrel, that assassin, in your regiment! Make him resign, and that at once!" "General, he wished to resign; I prevented him." "You were wrong. The brother of an assassin has no business among us." "I beg your pardon, but is not the flag a soldier's home and family?" "Certainly." "And the regiment a soldier's tent?" "To be sure." "Very well, then, Castaing—the officer—belongs to our family, lives in our tent, and, general, I wish you, as head of the family, to persuade him to remain among us. A kind word from you before the whole regiment on the first review would be of the greatest service." "Well, colonel, if you wish me to do so, I will. You say he is a good officer?" "One of the best we have."

A fortnight passed away. A review took place. The colonel pointed out Castaing to the general, saying, "There is the officer I spoke to you about." The general replied, "Very well, I will speak a kind word to him."

The general clapped spurs to his horse, and with extended hand rode up to the unhappy officer, saying, in a loud tone so that the whole regiment might hear him, "My dear Papavoine, don't think of leaving us. The service cannot spare so excellent an officer."

The officer bowed but said nothing; the review ended, he went home, and blew out his brains.

Women's Foreheads.

When phrenology first began to attract attention as a science, high foreheads of women, as well as of men, were associated with intellect. Every member of the opposite sex, however dull or uncultivated she may be, admires mental gifts, and has no objection to the reputation of possessing them herself; consequently she determined to have the seeming, if not the reality, and stripped her forehead of the clustering tresses, and even removed the hair by artificial means, that she might present a front which would awake the enthusiasm of Gall or Spurzheim. For a number of years this mania for high foreheads raged in spite of the patent fact that they detracted from their feminine loveliness, giving it a hard, bold, masculine expression that should be sedulously avoided. All the classic models of beauty, whether in marble or on canvas, from the Venus and Phryne down to the Marys of Raphael and the Magdalens of Murillo, the picturesque damsels of the Campagna, and the classic Suliote maidens, instead of high have quite low foreheads—something our own women would seem at last to have discovered. Horace and Catullus and Ovid all sang of the fair, fond creatures whose white foreheads gleamed like the crescent moon beneath the dark cloud of silken hair. Artists have so painted feminine beauty. Men of taste and gallantry have admitted such. Phrenology has ceased to be connected with æsthetic subjects, and therefore we have returned to nature and art. Indeed, the passion now is rather for low foreheads, for hair over the temples, and lovelocks that shade the lustre of deep eyes. This is rather overdone—but it is preferable to lofty foreheads and stripped brows, that make the face more fitting for a Roman senator than a genteel, tender, womanly woman. Every man of taste must rejoice that something like an approximation to the old models and correct standard of feminine loveliness has been established, and that they are no longer painted with

"High white fronts that tell of power
Which ne'eris fashioned by the gentle heart."

☞ "My wife," said a wag the other day, "came near calling me honey, last night." "Indeed! how was that?" "Why, she called me old beeswax."

☞ It is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life, it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins.

THE ABSURDITY OF IT.

BY C. H. WEBB.

It is all very well, for the poets to tell,
  By way of their songs adorning,
Of milk-maids who rouse, to manipulate cows,
  At Five o'clock in the morning.
And of mooy young mowers who bundle outdoors—
  The charms of their straw-beds scorning—
Before break of day, to make love and hay,
  At Five o'clock in the morning!

But, between me and you, it is all untrue—
  Believe not a word they utter;
To no milkmaid alive does the finger of Five
  Bring beaux—or even bring butter,
The poor sleepy cows, if told to arouse,
  Would do so, perhaps, in a horn-ing;
But the sweet country girls, would *they* show their curls
  At Five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song—
  Or the moon—if anxious to settle,
To kneel in wet grass, and pop, but, alas!
  What if he popped down on a nettle?
For how could he see what was under his knee,
  If, in spite of my friendly warning,
He went out of bed, his house and his head,
  At Five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well such stories to tell,
  But if I were a maid, all forlorn-ing,
And a lover should drop, in the clover, to pop,
  At Five o'clock in the morning;
If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call at Three;"
  If not, I'd turn on him with scorning;
"Don't come here, you Flat, with conundrums like that,
  At Five o'clock in the morning!"

A MILLION A MINUTE.

That was my fortune. This is no dream, no romance. I set down the simple truth, strange as it will appear to many. During a portion of my life that was my fortune—a million sterling per minute—secured to me by papers held in my own hands. Never had I conceived of so much wealth as those papers entitled me to, and even as I read them I did not believe in their reality. They were real, nevertheless. So was the fortune. So, I am persuaded now, were the circumstances, romantic as they seemed, under which I gained and lost it.

The money came to me under the will of old Rodney Gauntlett. Everybody in the city knew him in his lifetime—knew him as a shrewd, active, hot-tempered man, and called him "old," while he was yet in his prime. As far as my memory goes back, he justified the epithet. He looked old, withered, dried up, yet there was plenty of life in him, as those found who crossed his path, or tried to overreach him in the business transactions that took him every day into the chief places of resort in the city. His black eyes burnt under frost-white brows, and, when contradicted or opposed, the purple blood would rush into his cadaverous cheeks, or swell the veins in his forehead, till he was fearful to look at.

At ordinary times he was mild and gentle. Except that he was always absorbed in business, he might have been kind and tender. To me he sometimes was so. If he ever unbent, it was to his little Julie, as he called me, and that was more often, I think, when I had grown out of my childhood and become a woman, and so more of a companion to him. In my younger life, I remember fancying that he avoided, and even regarded me with dislike. It might have been so. There was no apparent reason why he should regard me in any other light. I was only, as I knew quite soon enough, the child of an old friend—one Colonel Anthony Wyvern—whom he had adopted out of charity.

Having so adopted me, he did his duty by me. All admitted that; the praise of him in that particular rang as a ceaseless pæan in his ears—and in mine. And I was daily bidden to take note how good he was, how loving and how generous; and what infinite return, by way of goodness, gratitude, docility, perseverance, and I know not what other virtues, all this demanded at my hands. I am afraid I sometimes wished he had been less to me, so that there might have been some hope of my being to him what it was declared my duty to become.

I tried my best, however; and he, I believe, was satisfied. Ours was not a very lively home. Our house was an old one that had held its own in the city when the city had even its palaces. But in the long course of time it had yielded, foot by foot, to encroachments on all sides, until it was fairly bricked-in, and utterly lost to public gaze. It could only be reached by means of a passage through another house, which had planted its great broad back right in front of our windows, and so obstructed our view and shut out our light. This want of light was what I always most severely felt; for the rooms were large, lofty, and proportionately gloomy; and there was one with a painted ceiling that I dared not enter, for the figures, gaunt and writhing, always seemed alive up there in the gloom, and that notion haunted even my dreams.

Old Rodney Gauntlett's own rooms were on the ground-floor; they were like dungeons, but he never saw them so. All the year round he breakfasted and dined by candle-light; yellow wax-lights, in old plated candelabra, red as copper, were always lit for him night and morning. That was his fancy, and like all his other habits, had taken firm root in him.

Bridget and I lived upstairs. Bridget, by-the-way, was our one domestic—housekeeper, nurse, and general servant in one. She was as old as her master. Thin white locks peeped out from under her mob-cap bound round with a black ribbon, and shone like silver. Her skin was yellow and wrinkled; her hands suggested claws, they were so hard and fleshless. But she had an eye bright and true as a hawk's; it defied age. Bridget was my good friend and almost sole companion. If I could have wished her other than she was, it would have been in respect of her sense of Rodney Gauntlett's goodness to me, and of the hard measure of gratitude she thought proper to exact from my unhappy self in return. In this respect she was unflinching. I was never suffered to forget that I subsisted on charity, or that persons so circumstanced had no rights—they had only duties.

As I was saying, our rooms were upstairs; they were three in number, and formed the whole of the second-floor. My share comprised a very large bedroom, that had been a reception-room in the old times, and a smaller apartment opening out of it. Bridget's chamber was outside mine, her door close to the top of the great staircase; so that sleeping there she, in a manner, kept watch and ward over me.

The smaller room, in which I lived, was like a room borrowed from the last century. It was wainscoted, and had a high mantelpiece carved over with Cupids engaged in festooning heavy wreaths about it. Above, there was an oval glass, slanting forward so that it reflected all below it, only a fraction of its surface being hidden by a small clock, on which it appeared to rest. The furniture was in keeping: tables with carved legs and brass handles and fittings; chairs with oval backs and striped moreen cushions; escritoires with drawers, and Indian jars—all these were conspicuous. But most conspicuous of all was a Japanese cabinet, very large and cumbrous, black as ebony, with quaint figures in gold and dead colors, in slight relief. It must once have been very costly; but it was now out of repair, and was only used as a receptacle for papers.

I never recall my room without a thought of this cabinet. It is especially associated with the first visit of a friend of Rodney Gauntlett's, who afterwards came often to the old house—far oftener than I cared to see him. I recall that visit like a dream. I seem to see myself, a pale, slim girl, with hair of a reddish hue, so thick that it will never keep its place in any knot into which I twist it, but is always hanging about my shoulders, studded with hair-pins. 'Tis evening, and I am close to the window, straining my eyes over a book in the failing light. The book touches me deeply, and I am conscious that my eyelids are red, and that there are tears on my cheeks. While I am thus absorbed, the door opens, and Bridget enters, bearing in one hand one of the old plated candelabra with wax-lights flaring in it, and so preceding two other persons. One is Rodney Gauntlett himself; the other a stranger—a fine, tall, square-shouldered man, with an olive face, black eyes, and shining white teeth. As I give a scared look, and toss back my cumbrous hair, it is Mr. Gauntlett who says, pointing to the stranger, "Mr. Hugh Dimsdale, my dear, an esteemed friend of mine." Wholly unused to visitors, I am confused; but mutter something to the purpose, and am conscious of having my hand squeezed in a broad palm, and held there, a trifle—only a trifle—longer than I feel to be necessary. The memory of what follows is made up of three incidents: the impression that Mr. Gauntlett is gayer and brighter than I have ever seen him before; that Mr. Hugh is embarrassingly polite; and this further, that whenever I catch his eyes wandering, it is always in the direction of the Japanese cabinet, which appears to have a strange fascination for him.

That night's introduction was, as I have said, followed by many a visit on the part of Mr. Hugh Dimsdale. It was not long before he declared himself my devoted admirer, and begged me to regard him as a suitor for my hand. My patron, too, hinted as delicately as he could that such an arrangement would be gratifying to him. As for Bridget, she declared him to be the finest gentleman in the whole world, and was perpetually regarding me with her head on one side and her hands raised in a sort of ecstasy of admiration at my good fortune.

But I received him coldly; I could not like him; his coming chilled my heart. The touch of his hand distressed me so that I dreamed of it in the night, and woke up with a shudder.

Still he came and came. I had a suspicion that he knew how I loathed him, and gloried in his power to inflict the torture of his presence on me; gloried still more in suggesting a further horror.

"Am I never to prove my love by showing how happy I can make you?" he would ask.

"I am very happy," would be my cold reply.

"But as my wife? Ah, if we could only realize the future I have planned."

"The present amply contents me."

So it went on.

At last he lost all patience, and grew fairly angry with me. Whenever we met, his words were harsh and his looks threatening. I could not endure this, and, in one passionate outburst, bade him begone and trouble me no farther.

"I will never be your wife," I said. "I will die first. I hate you. Leave me!"

He obeyed; but there was a malignant glitter in his eyes as he strode from the room; and I saw that he bit his thin lips to bleeding to keep in the words with which he would have cursed me.

For more than a month I saw him no more. This might have surprised me; but during the latter part of that time I had no leisure to give a thought to him. My benefactor was taken ill. It was the winter time, and he was seized with a slight cold, of which he took no heed until inflammation followed; and he was soon really ill. Even then he would not deem himself an invalid, would not see a doctor, or give up his daily pursuits. Within a week he was worn to a shadow; his eyes sank, his shoulders rounded, and a cough tore fiercely at his lungs. I was terrified; but he only laughed at my fears, and declared that he would soon be better.

On the eighth night of his illness I sat late in my room. I could hear him coughing below; but Bridget had brought a message that he was busy over his papers, and did not care to be intruded on. Having given this message, and assured me he had all he could need for the night, she had gone to bed. I was wretched, for I felt certain he was very ill and needed advice. Sitting there over the dying embers, I half persuaded myself to go to him, in spite of his message, and entreated him to comply with my wishes in this respect. But he was not a man whose will could be thwarted, or who was open to persuasion. So I tried to bethink me of some friend to whom I might appeal—some one who had influence over him. One name alone suggested itself—the hateful name of Hugh Dimsdale. At the bare suggestion of it I cowered over the grate with a shudder. But it seemed to act as a spell; under its influence thoughts crowded upon me, my mind grew morbidly active, and soon I was almost lost to consciousness in the bewildering perplexities of my own reflections.

For an hour I might have brooded thus. When I at length started, as out of a vision, I was conscious of a chilliness, and of its being very late. I put my hand to my waist for my watch. It wanted three minutes to two. Was that right by the clock on the mantelpiece? I asked myself. Instinctively I looked up. The leaning oval glass reflected me as I sat. I saw my own face and figure; and I saw more. There was another face looking over my shoulder—another figure standing at my back!

Yes, clearly and unmistakably I saw my benefactor, Rodney Gauntlett, standing there, and bending over me with a strange pitying look in his face.

"You here, sir?" I cried, turning round frightened—I knew not why.

There was no answer.

I half rose.

As I did so, the form receded from me. It went slowly, with the shuffling gait of an enfeebled man. The face was toward me even when there was the width of the room between us. Then it turned away. It turned toward the Japanese cabinet; and I saw an uplifted forefinger beckoning me to observe what followed. The movement was so natural, so real, that it scared away the fears which were beginning to paralyze me.

"Speak to me, sir!" I cried out, stepping forward as I spoke. "Or if you are too ill—"

The finger was raised again; this time as if to silence me. Then the face half turned. I could catch the expression of the eyes, and followed them. They seemed to single out a spot—a rose-bud in the flower-pattern of the cabinet—and then the pointing finger went straight to that spot.

Unless I dreamed, the bud yielded under the pressure of the finger-tip!

I saw it sink and spring back to its place. Then almost instantly, a long narrow panel fell out and dropped on the ground.

"You wish to show me the secret of this?" I gasped, looking up from the spot where the panel lay.

To my dismay I addressed vacancy. The figure was gone!

My alarm was intense. Had I seen a ghost of Rodney Gauntlett? My conviction was that I had. Yet the finger had touched the spring, the rose-bud had yielded, and there was the result before me! Could a spirit have done that? If so, for what purpose? While, more dead than alive, I asked of myself this second question, my eyes involuntarily turned toward that part of the cabinet from which the panel had dropped. A small aperture had been laid bare; evidently a secret recess; and what it contained was clearly revealed to my gaze.

It was a folded paper.

Here again was something real and tangible. It helped me to fight against the conviction that what I had seen was supernatural; though my frame shook with the terror of a ghostly visitation. With a tremulous hand I snatched at the paper and tore it open. Casting my eyes hurriedly over it, I saw that it was a will—Rodney Gauntlett's will. Through a mass of blurred letters, I gathered that by means of it he revoked all former wills; and then I lighted on these words, glowing as they seemed, in letters of fire:

"—— *all my real and personal estate, amounting at this present writing to three millions sterling, to Julia Gauntlett, otherwise known and designated by me as Julia Wyvern, my own true and lawful daughter*——"

I could read no more. The words swam before my eyes.

What! Was I Rodney Gauntlett's own child? Was it a fiction that he had reared me out of the love he bore his old friend? What mystery was here? What could have prompted so strange, so cruel a course? And now, why did he seek to atone for all by securing to me a fortune vast beyond computation?

These questions crowded to my lips. The awe, the marvel, the mystery of what was passing confounded me. My only proof of the reality of all was the crackling of the paper I grasped in my hand. That was real, that, and the cabinet from which I had taken it. Yes; and hark! The great bell of St. Paul's was chiming. Real enough, that. I stood and counted the quarter-chimes; and then the first for the hour—One; the second—Two.

As the last echo died away, I glanced again at the will. In the act of doing so, and stooping my head for the purpose, I suddenly fell heavily forward with a crashing sound in my ears. A blow had been dealt from behind, by an unseen hand, and under the force of it I dropped bleeding and senseless.

More than a week had elapsed before the sense of life returned to me. I was in my own bed, and Bridget's kindly face was bending over me. Pain racked my brow, and I was conscious of having suffered intensely. It was some time before I was permitted to ask questions, or to receive information as to what had happened. At length Bridget gratified my curiosity to an extent.

She informed me that my patron, Rodney Gauntlett, had died on the night to which I have alluded, at three minutes to two, as nearly as Bridget could calculate, she being then the only person in the house except myself. Her reason for fixing the hour was, that at three minutes to two—the time at which the house-clock gave "warning"—she being startled by a strange noise, had gone into his room only to find him dead in his chair. While there, a sound overhead apprised her of my fall, and at the same moment St. Paul's struck two. On rushing upstairs, she had found me on the floor where I had fallen, as she supposed, in hurrying to the sick man's aid, and with the back of my head bleeding.

At this stage I interrupted her with two questions of the utmost moment to me. Was she quite certain that there was no person in the house besides ourselves? She was quite certain. Did she observe anything peculiar about the Japanese cabinet, or see any paper on the floor? No.

These answers startled me. It was hard to believe that I had been dreaming, and yet was it not more probable than that all of which I seemed to have a remembrance should really have happened? The apparition, the will, the enormous fortune, the disclosure of my relationship to Gauntlett, the brutal attack by which I was overpowered—who would believe in the reality of these things? How could I even believe in them myself? It was well-nigh impossible; yet it had all been so real, so terribly real to me, that I could not forego belief in it without a struggle.

However, I kept my own counsel. I said nothing to Bridget; nothing to the doctor when he came. In time I formed this further resolution—I would say nothing unless my impressions received some confirmation through subsequent events. One such confirmation they did receive—it was a very startling one. When Rodney Gauntlett's will came to be read, it was found that his fortune exceeded all belief. He had been money-grubbing and speculating all his life, but no one suspected that he had died worth—three millions of money! His will disclosed that fact for the first time. When I heard the words I fainted. Here was a corroboration of what I had discovered in my dream, or whatever it was, so strong that it utterly overpowered me. Unless I had read it in the paper I took from the Japanese cabinet, how could I have thought of that sum? Such a thing was beyond coincidence; and when I came to myself, I eagerly demanded a sight of the will. It was handed to me, and one glance dispelled all my illusions. It was not written on the paper I had seen, and it contained no mention of my relationship to the testator. My name was there, but only for an annuity of three hundred pounds for life. The bulk of the vast fortune was left in other ways, a very large slice falling to the share of the man I detested and had rejected, Hugh Dimsdale.

Time passed on. I had quitted the old house. All I have related had become a thing of memory. Bridget was dead. Hugh Dimsdale had gone I knew not where—to the Indies I had heard, but neither knew nor cared. I was receiving my annuity, and enjoying a simple country life, over which the shadows of the past fell lightly. In the process of time I had almost persuaded myself out of the reality of what I long held as the mystery of my life.

One winter evening an adventure occurred to me.

I was returning home from a long walk. Tired, and anxious to reach my cottage before dark, I took a short cut through a field adjoining a farm. In that field were several stacks of hay and corn, and as I passed these I saw that a group of persons, evidently from the farm itself, were bending over some object lying on the ground. My curiosity was aroused. I quitted the path, and went towards them. As they moved aside on my drawing near, I saw that it was a man who was the object of their attention—a squalid man in the rags of a beggar. He was ill, haggard, starving—yet I could not mistake that face.

"Hugh Dimsdale!" I exclaimed aloud.

He shuddered as he lay, then looked up feebly, shading his eyes with a tremulous hand. With that hand he then beckoned me to his side. Too weak to speak aloud, it was only by drawing my ear towards his mouth that he could make me understand what he had to say. It took this form:

"Julia Gauntlett—for that is your true, right name—I robbed you of all. I did it. Yes, yes: no need to hide it now. I knew Gauntlett's last will was hidden in that cabinet—knew it from the first; knew its purport, and strove to make you mine in consequence. Had you consented, we should have shared the old man's millions—you and I. You rejected me, and I had recourse to other means to get the later will destroyed, so that I might benefit by a former one under which I was entitled. I was in the house when he died, his life shortened by my means. I passed from his room to yours, when I had made sure of the old will that left me so much. I came upon you as you read the will you had found—the true will, in which he had acknowledged you as his child, and left you all. It was I who struck you down and secured that paper. I swear to you that this is the truth."

"But tell me," I cried, "what do you know of my father's motive in disowning me—of my mother—"

"*Nothing.*"

"And this other will?"

"Destroyed. Consumed in the flames. The fortune can never be yours."

They were his last words, spoken with his stiffening lips—and they were true. Without the will, it was impossible for me to gain one penny more of my father's princely fortune than I now enjoy. The wealth he had designed as a recompense for the wrong he had done me—Heaven alone knows why! had flown away into other channels, and could never be recovered. I had held the right to it for three minutes only: from the moment of his death—that in which he had appeared to me—until the villain's hand snatched it away.

The Elephant in Camp.

Though a heavy, sedate animal, the elephant is never entirely at rest while awake. The ears flap, the tail switches, the legs cross or sway to and fro, the jaws are incessantly munching and grinding, and the busy trunk supplying them with provender, spirting, picking, twisting and turning in every direction. As long as he is awake the animal seems to be eating, and after the hardest day's toil, I have heard the elephants round camp grazing at all hours of the night, tearing down the branches and bamboos with a noise that reverberates through the forest.

When disposed to slumber, which is perhaps every second or third night, the elephant lies down on its side, with its legs stretched out, breathing heavily and slowly, and sometimes snoring like a legion of aldermen. At night they are admirable watchers against tigers, announcing the approach of one by a peculiar trumpeting squeak, and a singular puffing noise caused by striking the end of the trunk filled with air against the ground. The sound is so well understood, and so seldom is the elephant mistaken in his announcement, that when it is heard the camp is immediately on the alert. Fires are replenished and stirred, so that the flames may light up the gloomy vista of the forest, and reveal the approach of the common enemy. Guns are held in readiness, and most of the encampment, especially the outliers, keep on the lookout; till the noise of the faithful elephants quietly resuming their browsing, proclaims that the dreaded brute has skulked away in some other direction.

In these jungle encampments those who sleep in the centre are safe enough; but those outside are, in spite of large fires, often in danger. The elephants are sometimes too few to surround the sleepers, or they ramble away in search of food, so as to leave, perhaps, one side of the camp quite open. On such occasions tigers have been known to creep in and carry off a poor slumbering creature, before anything could be done for his protection. I was awakened out of my sleep by a tiger crawling close to my bed in one of these encampments, and, as there was nothing between me and the animal but a sheet hung up to keep off the night air, I lost no time in giving the alarm and raising such a hubbub, that we heard no more of our visitor. In this instance, the elephants, unwatched, had left us to ourselves, and walked across a nulla (the Dagying River) to better feeding ground on the opposite side.

☞ A new fish hook has been invented in Worcester, Mass. The shank, instead of ending in the eye, doubles up almost its entire length, so that the new hook looks like a hair pin with a barbed hook on one shank. This continuation of the shank acts as a lever to turn the hook in the mouth of the fish and insure a catch.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY MAY MATHER.

I'll ever wear, in my hair,
  Apple blossoms, pink and white,
Fragrant with the sunny light.

"And why, and why?" you laughing cry.
  "Apple blossoms, pink and white,
Wither pale 'twixt morn and night."

No, no! ah no! it is not so,
  I heed not what you say,
My heart is light and gay;

For yesterday was first of May,
  And high he piled the blossoms bright,
And soft he called me "heart's delight."

I'll ever wear, in my hair,
  Apple blossoms, pink and white,
Fragrant with the sunny light.

—*Galaxy.*

"Choosing a Wife."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WARE.

The idea of laying down a code of laws by which a "marrying man" shall soberly and intelligently choose a wife, is supremely ridiculous. All the world knows that a marrying man is as utterly incapable of exercising his reasoning faculties in affairs of love, as a squirrel is of surveying a square-rod of land, or a stickle-back of steering an ocean steamer.

A ringlet; a dimple; a white set of teeth; a silky, downward-sweeping eyelash; a peach-blossom cheek; a lithe and willowy waist; a glimpse of a pretty ankle flashing from beneath an airily-floating robe; a chance touch of tender, taper fingers; the lingering echo of a winsome laugh; even a sudden jostling against a pretty fair one in a crowd; either of these, or any one of numberless other beautiful nothings, is quite sufficient to scatter the wits of a marrying man and to make him the resistless victim of blind fortuity.

It is, indeed, well that a man should consider whether or no he have "any real vocation for the state." For myself I have considered it much and often, and I cannot rid myself of the conviction that I am not a marrying man. Many there are, however, who are or should be marrying men. To such let me say:

1st. Try to see a woman in her every-day life before having awakened in her mind any suspicion that you may possibly become her lover. If possible, become a member of the family of which she is a member, by boarding or otherwise. Note if she rise early, also if she be idle and slatternly in the early morning, or active and tidy. The after-dinner dress is no index to the essential character of a young lady.

2d. Show yourself to her in your every-day attire and your every-day temper. It is a shame to conceal these from her sight. It is dangerous both to yourself and to her to pass yourself off for what you are not. Let the rough points in your character stand out in their natural ruggedness. If it shock her to come in contact with them the sooner the better. If she turn you off upon the discovery of them, so much the more fortunate for her at least, if not for you.

So much for the "marrying men;" now for the "handsome men and women:"

"Only handsome men and women ought to marry."

Undoubtedly!

That may be, and marriages not fall off in number. For, look you, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." Was ever a man in love with a woman that was not in some sense beautiful in his eyes? And *vice versa?*

Robin, a Guinea negro, who lived in Rhode Island in the "good old colony times," had a wife Candace, a hideously outmouthed, outrageously ugly Africaness.

One day while Robin was working on the road with a company of white men, Candace went by. Whereupon old Robin began to descant upon the theme of which his heart was full, telling his highly amused audience that his Candace was the best looking woman he ever saw, and he loved her, oh, more 'n he could 'spress!

Miss Squiggs has been my ideal incarnation of ugliness ever since I first saw her. Of late I ventured to remark to a friend that I was sorry for Miss Squiggs because she was so plain. "*Do* you think so?" was the reply, accompanied with a look of utter astonishment, "why, *I never thought of such a thing.* I am sure she is *very good looking.*"

Handsome men and women indeed? I know a woman whose form is queenly, whose face is beautiful as delicately chiselled marble, whose dress is most happily adapted to adorn so magnificent a person, whose mind is cultivated, who withal is not a "genius," yet happily is not "a flat, a simpleton." I know a woman whose voice is music and whose every movement is grace, she is not "lackadaisical," she is not one of your "delicate die-away women," she has no "congenital malformation," she is not even *small;* on the contrary she has a most charming "roundness of contour" and a stateliness of stature which is the exact and delightful mean between the colossal and the petite; yet this beautiful woman makes home anything but a paradise; those whom she should make the happiest of the happy, she renders most unspeakably wretched.

Beautiful people indeed! Only such should marry! Where is nature's guarantee that the children of beautiful people should be likewise beautiful? I have seen Ugliness the parent of Beauty; Boorishness the brother of ineffable Grace; Shallowness and Idiocy the darling first-born of Intellect and Sense.

Some author has said "God is creating new Adams every day." Yes, and He does not employ handsome people alone as His instrumentality in bringing these upon the stage of life.

Wherefore my plain brothers and sisters; "lift up the hands that hang down and the feeble knees," and be greatly encouraged and go your ways rejoicing, and when your time comes to marry, marry, and bravely do your part in providing for the carrying on of the world in 1900.

If you have good sense, an amiable disposition, if you are honest and humane, and capable and intelligent, never fear but you are or will be handsome in the eyes of somebody.

☞ A photographer in Gloucester, Mass., was astonished by a young woman who came to ask, meekly and innocently: "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

My First Flirtation.

The morning sun shone brightly one July day, 1861, as I turned into St. James's street, dressed in summer garb, and smoking a cigarette through my nose. The heat that morning was tropical. The crossing-sweeper abandoned his post and betook himself to a shady doorway. The cabmen on the rank read penny papers inside their respective vehicles, whilst the sun blistered the roofs above them. The enjoyment of the bibulous beggars at the pump, who took it in turns to be pumped for, smote one with envy on that thirsty morning. Vague yearnings after an iced Soda and B., a pipe of mild tobacco, or other light dissipation suited to the state of the thermometer and the lassitude of my system, caused me to stop languidly at a set of chambers for gentlemen. The first floor was occupied by a man named Osborne, with whom I was then very intimate. I found my friend and another man at breakfast, and after refreshing myself with some strawberries and a cool draught of seltzer and brandy, I threw myself into a comfortable chair by the open window, and began studying with a sapient air what I would have given worlds at that time to have understood, "Bell's Life."

It was at the time I am speaking of a shy, awkward, homebred youngster of nineteen, with a round, youthful face, whiskerless cheeks, and nervous temperament. Osborne was a cool, polished man of the world, eight years my senior, pale, with regular features, thin, sarcastic lips, cold gray eyes, and fair, colorless hair. How I envied him his taste in dress, his composed, quiet manner, his skill at billiards, and his success with women! But with all my admiration and intimacy, I rather disliked the man than otherwise. I felt a dim, disagreeable consciousness that I served principally as a butt and sport to my dear friend, and knew that he considered and generally spoke of me as "a mannerless young cub, who wanted a deuced deal of licking into shape."

The man who was breakfasting with him was also my senior. He had a plain, meaningless face, long red whiskers, a falsetto laugh, and possessed the rare faculty of being a good listener. His name was Anderson, and he played the concertina. I never knew what he was, or where he lived, but remember, the first time we met, his requesting of me, with a pleasant laugh, the temporary loan of half a sovereign. My future experience of the gentleman proved him to be capable of repeating the request any number of times without being struck with the monotony of a proceeding he never attempted to vary by any allusion to repayment. He was devoted to his rich friend Osborne, who found in him a willing and useful toady.

"Like a smoke, Master Charlie?" said Osborne, offering me a large, highly-flavored cigar from his case. I received and smelt the priceless weed with the rapturous air of a connoisseur. (How faint and sick those strong cigars used to make me!) Having lighted it, I began the perusal of a "Mill" in "Bell's Life," and soon was as intensely miserable as my worst enemy could have desired. Mill and smoke becoming at last too strong for me, I closed my eyes and listened vacantly to my friends' conversation.

"But we had better settle now," Osborne was saying, "what time we are to go to that place to-night." Here there was a pause, during which they each beat a tattoo on the carpet and stared at each other. Osborne at length rose, and bending over his friend, whispered some suggestions which appeared to be fraught with much interest. Whatever they were, they were cordially agreed to, and carried amid much laughter from Anderson, who put on the falsetto stop, and beat Osborne hollow in the high notes. Their enjoyment of the subject before them made them talk louder and with more animation, and thus, without wishing to divine the subject of their mirth, the following broken sentences fell upon my ear, as I half-dozed in my chair.

Anderson.—"But will *she* appear on the scene at all?"

Osborne.—"Good heavens, man! no chance of it. But don't mention her, for I can't stand it. I only promised to go there once a-year, and choose this affair for my annual visit, because I have a coward's shrinking from speaking to or even seeing—" here his voice trembled and dropped to a whisper too low for me to hear.

Anderson.—"All right, my boy—we can then have our little joke without fear of any mischance; it'll be capital fun—he's an awful fool, and, spite of his young airs, is frightened at his own shadow."

"Deuced funny," thought I to myself, "particularly if *I'm* their awful fool, which I rather think I am;" and then I fell to wondering, gloomily, if Amandine paste and constant care would ever make *my* hands as white and shapely as were those of my dear, appreciative friend and model. Breakfast pipes, drinks, and pleasant confidences being all ended, we rose, stretched, and yawned. Then somewhat to my relief, Osborne told me he had an engagement which would occupy him all the afternoon, but hoped I would dine with him at the club the same evening, and afterwards go on with him to a very charming dance a little way out of town, where, to use his own words, "I should meet a lot of deuced pretty girls, and perhaps pick up an heiress, old feller." Having received my assent to what appeared to me a very agreeable arrangement, the two burst into a fit of unrestrainable merriment at the cut of my trowsers and the youthful bloom of my complexion; then after poking a small volume of "Chesterfield's Advice to his Son" into my pocket, and paying me a few sarcastic compliments on the glossiness of my hat and the growth of my whiskers, Osborne slapped me violently on the back, and allowed me to depart bruised in mind and body.

Of course, however, I dined with him at his club, and the night being warm, drank more champagne than my young head could well stand. A strong cigar, and a still stronger chasse finished me up, and when I jumped into my friend's brougham I felt most blissfully unconscious and unutterably idiotic. Half an hour's quick driving brought us to our destination, a large detached house brilliantly lighted up, standing in what appeared to be extensive garden and grounds. The lights and linkmen, the sounds of music, the glimpses I caught of seraphic beings floating airily in clouds of pink and blue vapor, partly sobered me, and caused me on entering the hall to rush anxiously to a mirror that adorned one side of it, in which to ascertain the state of my hair, and that of my appearance generally. Having finished my survey I turned round and found to my dismay that my companions had deserted me, and left me to introduce myself as I best could. This to a shy, nervous fellow like myself was anything but a pleasant business, and I trembled with anger and embarrassment. "Just like my good friends," I hissed to myself, "to leave me here like a pig in a poke. How can I enter the room without an introduction to the hostess? Blame their impertinence! What did they bring me here for, and then treat me in this fashion?"

Glancing anxiously round the hall, I espied on my right hand a small room, the door of which was open. It was empty; and avoiding the severe glances of a most muscular and middle-aged set of female servants, I gave a nervous pull to the few straggling hairs it pleased me at that time to call my whiskers, and precipitated myself into the grateful privacy of the deserted chamber on my right, closing the door behind me. Here I fidgeted and fumed for some minutes, and composed a neat cutting little speech, with which, when we met, to shrivel up my friends with shame. Suddenly a door on the opposite side was opened, and in darted the most radiant, lovely being it had ever been my happiness to behold. Her face was flushed, and her manner slightly hurried, as if she had been making a hasty toilette. As she passed me one of the gloves she was drawing on fell to the ground. In a moment, startled out of all my awkward shyness, I had the glove in my hand, and was presenting it to its charming owner, with a bow and pointed glance of admiration that would have done credit to a man *a bonnes fortunes*. Her pleasant smile, the sweet voice in which she thanked me for my civility, aided doubtless by the amount of champagne I had so lately taken, so affected me that I forgot my friends, my unknown hostess, and myself, and begged for the honor of her hand for the next dance. Her easy acquiescence increased my boldness, and without giving one thought to the audacity of my behavior, but with a vague suspicion that if I entered the ball-room Osborne would manage in some unpleasant fashion to nip my flirtation in the bud, I turned to the French window opening to the garden, and offering my arm to the young lady, suggested how much pleasanter would be a quiet stroll in that lovely moonlight, than the heat and crush of the crowded ball-room. To this she at first demurred, but as I stood firm, she gave way, and with an adorable little shrug of her ivory shoulders, and a deprecatory side-glance at me, she put her arm in mine, wondered faintly what people would think of her non-appearance, and allowed me to lead her from the close, oppressive atmosphere of the house to the fresh scent-laden breezes of an English garden in July.

By Jove! how triumphant I felt! I—the shy, mannerless boy—the butt of that wretch Osborne! I, who was supposed not to be able to say Bo to a goose, much less to a pretty woman! Here I was with the loveliest girl I had ever met on my arm, pressing her hand, gazing into her eyes, murmuring soft speeches in her ear, and meeting with no repulse. On the contrary, there was actual encouragement in the bright flush which came and went on her young cheek, in the downcast lashes, the pleading looks of her violet eyes, in the unresisting passiveness of the soft small hand I held in mine. We instinctively chose those paths which were least overlooked by the reception rooms. This was not so easy a matter. The gardens, though prettily laid out in smooth-shaven lawn and brilliant flower-bed, had a tasteless absence of shade about them. Each path and walk were so open to inspection, and the bright July moon, though so fair and beautiful, seemed that night to be too vivid in its beams—exceeding its duty in fact, and so becoming rather unpleasant than otherwise. This idea appeared to strike my fair companion equally with myself, for, with a gentle pressure of my arm, she drew me into a side path away from the house, which I had imagined in my own mind to be a No Thoroughfare, it being ended by a high iron gate. Of this, however, she seemed to know the secret, for she quickly opened it, and stood leaning against it, waiting for me to pass through. What a picture she made standing there! the light breeze stirring her golden hair, and the pale moonbeams shedding an unearthly radiance over her finely-chiselled features, her lithe, graceful figure, and the soft crape and water-lilies of her dress. My young pulses beat fast as I gazed, and only a dim feeling of respect for her trust and loneliness prevented me from kissing her outright. The young lady's vivacity seemed to increase as we left garden, music, lights, and supervision behind us. There was a wild sparkle in her eye, and a kind of fierce energy in her manner as she suddenly faced me, and said, "Now, sir, you will be pleased to tell me who you are, where you come from, and why you came here?" Taking her hand in mine, and murmuring, "I am your devoted slave, and I came all the way from Pall Mall only to see you," I followed her into the fruit garden, the iron gate closing slowly behind with a dull, cruel sound.

"Now for the gooseberries," said the lady. "I know the finest bushes, and if you are really my devoted slave you will not mind picking me some; but, for heaven's sake," she added, with a sudden shiver, "take care and do not prick yourself!"

Now I cannot say I have ever felt well-disposed towards the gooseberry. I consider it a vulgar fruit, and none of my associations connected with it are of a pleasurable description. From my earliest infancy I was told that my grandfather had played "old gooseberry" with the family estates; an interesting hoyden of thirteen more than once informed me that my eyes closely resembled that fruit when boiled; and I have never met my friend in society, sailing under false colors in a thin disguise of tin-foil, wire, effervescence, and ice, that I have not said to myself, in the words of Mr. Wititterley to his wife when she was enjoying the too-exhausting society of the nobility—"You will suffer for this to-morrow." Therefore do I loathe the gooseberry, even when plucked and prepared on the dining-room table; but, oh dear! to pick them yourself by moonlight! To bend your back, soil the knees of your trowsers, prick your fingers with their venomous thorns, feel their sickly contents bursting in the wrong place and oozing out over your snowy wristbands! this is an amount of downright misery for which the fruit itself offers no compensation. But for that violet-eyed vision in crape and lilies, what would I not have gone through! So, drawing off my gloves, and taking a small penknife from my pocket, I knelt down by the side of the bushes and began picking the plump, ripe berries, and giving them to my fair enslaver, who ate them with much satisfaction. I plucked and cut; she ate, the monotony of the proceedings being relieved by some delicious pauses, in which our eyes and hands would meet, and our hearts thrill with mutual sympathy. In my entranced state I forgot the young lady's caution, and gathered the fruit heedlessly enough.

"Deuce take the things!" I exclaimed, as the sharpest of pointed blades struck deeply into my finger; and, thinking we had had enough of gooseberry picking for the present, I rose from my labors, and gave the last few I had gathered to my companion, who was standing against a small fruit-tree by my side. In doing so, a drop of blood fell from my cut finger on the little white hand held out to receive my offering. The moon was shining more brightly than ever, and lit up the whole scene with the clearness of day. The girl cast her eyes to her hand, and marked the crimson stain glistening there in the mellow light.

Good God! What was it? Why did my blood suddenly freeze within me? What was this awful terror which was taking possession of me? Why do her eyes change and her mouth lose its lovely expression in those fierce, unnatural lines? Why is her small hand rigid with rage as she points to the hateful stain? I know not. I know and feel nothing but a frantic wish to run—to run from this awful spectre, standing in the moonlight by the dark-green apple tree. I see the froth seething through the pale lips, the wild roll of the fierce eyes, the livid pallor of the fair cheeks. I hear her shrill scream of triumph as she sees and seizes the small knife glittering on the ground, where I had dropped it; and with supernatural will I lift my feet, which seem rooted to the earth, and run—run for dear life. I hear still ringing on my ear that fearful burst of unnatural, dreary laughter bubbling from her lips—the sharp, hysterical animal-like cry of "Blood! Blood!" and then the swift light steps of pursuit. I know not which way to turn, when I suddenly think of the gate, and rush in that direction. I hear her steps gaining rapidly upon me, I feel her hot breath upon my neck as I turn the corner and see the gate at the end of the walk. I fly like the wind. Shall I reach the gate in time? It may be locked, I think. No, mercy! it is ajar. I am just through when with a savage yell and cat-like spring she is on me. I feel her iron grasp upon my throat, and my heart stands still with terror. A passing cloud had obscured the moon, and now I felt more than saw the ghostly shimmering of her white dress, the faint, distorted outlines of her terrible face, and the convulsive strainings of her frame. I think of the knife—nay, feel its sharp point touching, wounding my cheek. With sudden, desperate effort I shake off the paralysis of terror which is freezing my blood to ice, and with all the strength I am master of wrench myself free from her murderous grasp, and, seizing her wrists, fling her violently, savagely from me. She falls. It is no time for qualms; and I rush on, bleeding and breathless, through the gate, up the walk, over lawn and flower-bed, straight to the open window of the ball-room. As I reach the terrace I hear the gate open and my pursuer's rapid foot-steps on the gravel path. I have only time to wrap my handkerchief round my bleeding hand and enter the ball-room, when she rushes after me with the spring of a tiger, shrieking, with foaming lips, the same fearful cry of "Blood! Blood!"

Four of the muscular attendants seize the lithe, struggling figure of the poor maniac—for maniac she was—and bear her, in spite of her terrible shrieks, out of the apartment.

"I'll never come to these asylum balls again," said a nervous, corpulent old gentleman, who had been a near witness of the scene. "I thought these violent ones were never allowed to be present. I shall see after my carriage at once. Too bad—too bad!"

I understood it all now. The little practical joke, so pleasantly arranged by my friends in the morning was to take me unwittingly to this annual insane asylum ball, that they might extract a little fun out of me—amuse themselves, in fact, at my freshness and innocent mistakes. I went up to them, and was on the point of seeking an explanation of the whole business, when I stopped short. For the first time in his life Osborne was not up to a taunt or a sneer. His lips were bloodless, his whole aspect that of a man shocked to his very marrow; and as I reached him he fell senseless to the ground.

The unhappy girl I had so strangely met was his sister—the only being he had ever really loved.

I was, as may be imagined, much shaken by what I had gone through; and I saw the last of my friend Osborne when I left him safe at his chambers on that eventful July evening. L. C.

The Result of an Accident.

Accident has sometimes proved the stepping-stone to success; and not the least interesting items in the history of industrial as well as abstract science are those in which some incident, trivial in itself, has constituted the turning point in the evolution of an important principle. As an illustration a circumstance is mentioned the direct result of which was the invention of the vulcanizing process whereby India-rubber is fitted for the numberless purposes to which its use is now essential. After long years of effort and disappointment, Charles Goodyear stood apparently as far as ever from the attainment of his object, until one day, while in earnest conversation regarding his proposed invention, he emphasized an assertion by flinging away at random a piece of rubber combined with sulphur that he held in his hand. The fragment falling upon the stove, was subjected to a higher heat than that to which he had ever ventured designedly to subject the material; and when it was recovered it was found to possess the qualities for which he had sought so long; cold did not soften the water-proof and elastic mass. And thus sprang forth the germ of an invention that has built up a new branch of manufacturing industry, given employment to thousands of operatives, and added in myriad forms to the conveniences of life.

☞ The English army in Abyssinia was greatly aided by an American invention for procuring water. A London paper says that Gen. Sir Robert Napier compelled "a lofty African desert to yield water by an American device not a twelve month old." A half-dozen mules "are drawn up, loaded with thin steel tubes. Tap, tap, tap, goes a hammer, rigged up in five minutes, and in ten the curse of Africa has been conquered, as if a new Moses had smitten the rock, and pure water for an army is spouting among the stones."

☞ Ernest Renan has just published a volume on the philosophy of politics, which is calculated to create in the political world as profound sensation as his essays on the philosophy of religion created in religious circles.

Summering.

If you want the luxury of rest, and that is what our citizens most need, go to a farm-house, several miles from a railroad station, or steamboat landing, which promises nothing more than cleanliness and plain fare, whose occupants make no pretensions to have descended from the Great Mogul; or to have been once rich, and lost all by going security; who don't own to having any rich relations, nor to have had as boarders, formerly, the Queen of Sheba, or Cleopatra, or Victoria Regina. If you happen at a farm-house where they begin on "this line," you may be sure that will be their only "line," and their biggest line, to the end of the chapter, and had better "move" right off, bag and baggage, even if it is dark, and camp out that night in the corner of a fence, a mile off. Why do our people submit so passively to the robberies and impositions of Long Branch, Saratoga and Cape May? What of rest, enjoyable rest, do any of such places give to a wearied body, to an overworked brain, and a constitution ready to break by the excessive toils of city life. Go, reader, where you can dress in your commonest clothing; and you poor over-worked wife don't take that everlasting "sewing" along with you; resolve not to take a single stitch during your entire absence; let your only "sewing apparatus" consist of a ball of yarn, a skein of silk, and two needles; leave your thimble at home; if you sew on all the buttons, and keep the stockings darned, that will be quite enough. Sleep from dark until sunrise; be out and about on foot or horse, in carriage, rowing, boating, swimming, botanizing; or with hammer and microscope study the rocks and read the histories of the localities from ages before the Flood, as you can do; climb mountains, explore caves; in short, do anything and everything which will entertain, instruct, or gratify yourself, or others, from breakfast until noon, and from dinner to sun-down; so that when you come home to dinner, you will be as hungry as a bear, and bacon, cabbage and corn-bread will taste sweet to you; after dinner you go again, that when you come home at sun-down, you will sigh for the bed, hardly taking time to have a dry cracker and a cup of tea, all that you ought to have, and all that night you will sleep like a baby, and next morning you will feel hungry enough to eat your wife and children, and so happy and good natured that life would have new charms for you. Rest from care, from business anxiety, from dress, and the needle, from the conventionalities of society, these are what city people need during summer, and they most certainly are not to be had at the seaside or the Spa.

A grand good idea for all concerned, would be for the managers of the Pacific Railroad to take persons for half fare to the utmost limit of their line, beyond even Cheyenne; this would make the road talked about, would bring it to the attention of the public, who, when they saw the safety and profitableness of the investment, would want more stock than the company want to part with, and would give excursionists a more correct idea of the vastness of our country than they could get by a year's reading. At all events, it would be a grand and novel excursion; what's the use of hanging always around the Falls, and Mammoth Cave, and the Bay of Fundy; let us get up some new thing under the sun, and by next year we may be able to "rail" it to the Yosemite, the Sierre Nevada, and the cedars of three thousand years ago.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

How to be a Millionaire.

As there is no royal road to learning, so also is there no short-cut to exceptional affluence. It is possible, according to statistics, for only one thousand men in the United States to grasp $1,000,000 a year. Or rather, such a grasp is impossible, for it would be a grab of all the surplus yearly products of the Union, which no conceivable thousand men could make successfully. A writer in the Galaxy, however, enumerates a few of the conditions, positive and negative, which may be regarded as indispensable to the average achievement of a millionaire's position:

You must be a very able man, as nearly all millionaires are.

You must devote your life to the getting and keeping of other men's earnings.

You must eat the bread of carefulness, and you must rise early and lie down late.

You must care little or nothing about other men's wants or suffering or disappointments.

You must not mind it, that your great wealth involves many others' poverty.

You must not give away money except for a natural equivalent.

You must not go meandering about Nature, nor spend your time enjoying air, earth, sky and water; for there is no money in it.

You must not distract your thoughts from the great purpose of your life with the charms of art and literature.

You must not let philosophy or religion engross you during the secular time.

You must not allow your wife or children to occupy much of your valuable time or thoughts.

You must never permit the fascinations of friendship to inveigle you into loans, however small.

You must abandon all other ambitions or purposes; and finally—

You must be prepared to sacrifice ease and all fanciful notions you may have about tastes and luxuries, and enjoyments, during most, if not all, of your natural life.

☞ A Quakeress at Bloomington, Indiana, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant kissing the servant girl. Broad-brim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half-opened door, and rising with all the coolness of a general officer, thus addressed her: "Betsey, thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

☞ There is a story of a man who bought a lot of hogs in Illinois and drove them slowly to Chicago. He was compelled to sell at a loss of four hundred dollars. Returning home, he was asked by his neighbors what were the profits of the operation. "Well," said he, "I reckon I didn't make much money out of the trip, *but I had the company of the hogs down.*"

☞ Mr. Colfax is described as rather under the medium height, with a form firmly and compactly moulded. His hair is brown, now slightly sprinkled with gray; eyes blue; forehead high and arching. He possesses great vitality, and can endure an extraordinary amount of labor with but little fatigue. This coupled with his temperance habits, has caused him to wear his age so well that but few persons would place him even at 40.

Brigham Young on Matrimony, Straw Hats, Basket-Making, and Silk-Growing.

From a sermon delivered in the New Tabernacle, at Salt Lake City, on April 8, 1868.

I will give each of the young men in Israel who has arrived at an age to marry a mission to go straightway and get married to a good sister, fence a city lot, lay out a garden and orchard, and make a home, and especially do not forget to plant a proper proportion of mulberry trees. And I say to you, sisters, if you do not know how to milk a cow you can soon learn. If you do not know how to feed the chickens, get them and learn how, and if your husband takes you to live in ever so small a cottage, make it neat and nice and clean.

Ask your husbands to furnish you some straw for hats and bonnets, and when you get it put more than three straws over your head, and make a hat that will shade you from the scorching sun. When your children arise in the morning, instead of sending them out of doors to wash in cold, hard water, with a little soft soap, and wiping them as though you would tear the skin off them, take a piece of soft flannel, and wipe the faces of your children smooth and nice, dry them with a soft cloth; and instead of giving them pork for their breakfast, give them good wholesome bread and sweet milk, baked potatoes, and also buttermilk if they like it, and a little fruit, and I would have no objections to their eating a little rice.

You ought to enter into the cultivation of silk. We can make ourselves independently rich at this business alone, if it is properly pursued. There ought to be a plot of land in each ward devoted to the cultivation of silk, and a cocoonery built in the centre of it. If the worms are well taken care of, the season of feeding only lasts from thirty-five to forty days. If I cannot succeed in getting the sisters with their children to attend to this business, I shall be under the necessity of sending to China for Chinamen to come here and raise silk for us, which I do not wish to do.

Go and raise silk. You can do it, and those who cannot set themselves to work we will set them to work gathering straw and making straw hats and straw bonnets; we will set others to work gathering willows, and others making baskets; we will set others to gathering flags and rushes and to making mats, and bottoming chairs and making carpets.

Instead of hunting gold let every man go to work at raising wheat, oats, barley, corn, and vegetables, and fruit in abundance, that there may be plenty in the land. Raise sheep, produce the finest quality of wool in large quantities. By the migratory system of feeding sheep in this country they will be healthy and produce large clips of wool. I hope, by the blessing of the Lord, to demonstrate this the present season. Real capital consists in knowledge and physical strength.

I wish the sisters to lead out in the fashions. It is very little difference what fashion you produce. I would just as soon see you wear hats with wide brims as not, if you have that fashion that will give comfort and convenience, and produce health and longevity. Tell your husbands to get you a heifer calf or two and some chickens, and you will feed them, and take care of them, instead of feeding pigs, and if your husbands have springs on their land, get them to clean them out and dam them up a little, and introduce the spawn of the best fish we have in these mountains. We can raise fish here, and the cost will be one-fourth less per pound than other meats.

This is for you young women who want to get husbands. Tell the young men that you will sustain yourselves, and teach them how to sustain themselves if they do not know how, if they will only come and marry you. Now, girls, court up the boys; it is leap year. Give them to understand in some way that it is all right—you are ready, and you want to help them to make a good home, to form a nucleus around which to gather the blessings and comforts of life—a place to rally to. Tell the boys what to do; and you, sisters of experience, ye mothers in Israel, go and get up your societies, and teach these girls what to do, and how to get the boys to come and marry them.

The neglect and lazy habits which our boys are falling into are a disgrace, to say nothing about the sin of such conduct. They produce nothing, and consider themselves unable to take care of a family, and they will not marry. This conduct of theirs leaves our young women without partners; they want somebody to look to, and something that they can do to advantage and bless themselves, and have a home to go to. Young men, fit you up a little log-cabin, if it is not more than ten feet square, and then get you a bird to put in your little cage. You will then have something to encourage you to labor and gather around you the comforts of life, and a place to gather them to.

We shall in the future have flax machines here to make the finest of linen, and we can make the cotton and silk in abundance. I would urge the brethren of the Southern country to plant cotton sufficient to supply the wants of the factories that are now in the country, and let us continue our labors until we can manufacture everything we want. We are in the fastnesses of the mountains, and if we do these things, and delight in doing right, our feet will be made fast and immovable like the bases of these everlasting hills.

A Patent Egg-Tester.

An egg-tester has recently been patented in England. It consists of a cubical box, with central funnel-shaped openings in two contiguous sides, opposite which a mirror is placed at an angle of forty-five degrees. On looking into the box through either hole the image of the other hole, reflected by the mirror, appears directly opposite. To test eggs the box is placed with one of the holes uppermost, in which the egg is placed. The light, then transmitted through the egg, forms a sharply defined disc. If the egg be fresh, the illuminated circle will be clear, if stale, the disk will be cloudy, and if bad, the image will be dark and unsightly. The apparatus, it is stated, may be used by daylight or candlelight. The light reflected by the mirror to the eye passes entirely through the substance of the egg, and consequently every change from perfect translucency to thorough opacity can be observed.

☞ A Western widow, handsome and learned, manages a large farm, and she raised last year 1,000 bushels of wheat, 1,200 of corn; has a large stock of hogs, sends fat cattle to the New York market, has abundance of flowers, apples, pears, strawberries, and currants, keeps up with current literature—does not want to marry.

Forrest and Squire Cole.

We have been reminded of a little incident that occurred while Forrest was a member of Gilbert's company, and when he was young and rather fast; and, as it will not be out of place just now, when we've been "talking" theatres and actors, we will relate it. Forrest was one night "*on a lark*," and was "nabbed" by the "watch." In the morning he was brought before Squire Cole, who soon found the offence rather trivial, and at once discharged him. As Forrest was about to leave the office, the squire, deeming it a good time to read him a little friendly admonition, threw himself back in his chair, and addressed Forrest in true theatrical style, quoting the following passage from Othello:—

"Why unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name of a
Night brawler?
Give me answer to it!"

The effect was quite electric, and "Ned" made a hasty exit, not a little abashed, as well as a good deal astonished at the aptitude of the quotation.—*Albany Express.*

From the Saturday Courier, N. Y. City.

NO MIDDLEMEN.—The Great American Tea Company are importing their teas direct, thus enabling them to supply their customers at retail prices less than other wholesale dealers can afford to sell. The cargoes by the Golden State from Japan, and George Shotton from China—recent importations by this house—we know by personal trial, are of first quality. Those who delight in a good cup of tea, and of course all our lady readers do, should make their purchases at any one of the company's salesrooms.

☞ DUTIES.—It matters nothing what the particular duties are to which the individual is called—how minute or obscure in their outward form. Greatness in God's sight lies not in the extent of the sphere which is filled, or of the effect which is produced, but altogether in the power of virtue in the soul, in the energy with which God's will is chosen, with which trial is borne and goodness and love pursued.—*W. E. Channing.*

☞ A curious statement has been made by an eminent physician, and supported by the experience of a city organist, that panics in public assemblies can be easily controlled by the playing of some grand march upon the organ, if in a church, or by the orchestra, if in a theatre, thus soothing the excited imagination, and giving the other faculties time to collect their energies and assert their power over the body.

☞ The following incident, beside the merit of truthfulness, possesses a peculiar significance at the present time: "Little Tommy B—— lived in Albany. Tommy went with his mother to visit an uncle in Madison, a minister. At the minister's house, twice a day, all bowed in family devotion, while at every meal grace was asked. Tommy liked all this, and prayed as devoutly as the rest. One day his mother found him alone upon his knees. "Why, Tommy," said she, "what are you doing?" "Oh, mamma?" said the little boy, "we must all pray all we can while we are in Madison, 'cause, you know, dere's no Daud (God) in Albany."

☞ An Irish woman, who is always at war with her neighbors, and whose troubles are never at an end, was complaining to her milkman the other morning about everything rising to such high prices. To show her that such was not the case, he said:—"Madam, the price of milk is not rising." "No, bedad," she answered, "nor the crame naythor."

☞ A lady of Antwerp, in Belgium, was recently delivered of four female children at a birth. According to the local journals, this occurrence created quite a sensation in that town. When the christening took place the church was crowded with spectators, and thousands of persons lined the streets along which the *cortege* of four nurses, with their charges, and as many god-fathers and god-mothers, were to pass. After the return home of the children, they had to be brought out to the balcony of the house to receive an ovation from the crowd assembled in the street. All the little ones, as well as the mother, were doing well.

☞ Mark Twain is the last correspondent who has had a confidential talk with the President. Thus he reports it:—"How is your health, Mr. President?" And he said: "It cannot be of any particular consequence to you, young man. I keep a doctor."

☞ A genius in Detroit is said to be preparing to "shoot Niagara" in an india-rubber boat, which he is engaged in constructing. It is to be air-tight, and provided with a seat to which he is to be tied.

☞ Eighty per cent. of the Atlantic cable receipts, come from the American side.

☞ The New York Anti-Gambling Society reported forty-three clerks to their employers last month as addicted to fighting the tiger.

☞ The New York Mail says the editor whose duty it is to read the jokes sent to that paper, has contracted a permanently sad expression of features.

☞ A little flatboat, containing a young man, his wife, a boy and a dog, arrived at Baton Rouge, La., a few days since, all the way from Venango, Pa. They were thirteen weeks on the way.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 6000 bbls sold at $8@9 for superfine; $9@9,75 for extra; $9,50@11 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family; $10@12 for Penna extra family; $11@12,50 for Ohio extra family, and $12,75@14,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $9,50@9,75 ₱ bbl. Penna Corn Meal sells at $5,75.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light. About 15,000 bus of red sold at $2,70@2,80 for fair to good, and $2,85 for prime; 2000 bus of Southern white sold at $2,90@3,10 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—5000 bus of prime Penna sold at $1,15 ₱ bus. Corn—30,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,15@1,20, and 12,000 bus of prime yellow at $1,18@1,22 ₱ bus. Oats—About 40,000 bus sold at 88@90c for Western, 90@95c for Penna, and $1@1,03 for Southern, the latter rate for choice light.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet Sales of Mess Pork at $28@29,50, and prime at $25. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $27,50@28. Beef Hams sell at $37@40 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20@21½c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17@18c; and Shoulders at 14½@15c ₱ lb. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 19@19½c, and salt Shoulders at 13½c. Lard—Sales of 250 bbls and tcs at 19½@20c ₱ lb; and kegs at 20@20½c ₱ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 14@22c, and roll at 15@20c ₱ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15@16c ₱ lb.

COTTON—Market dull. About 500 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 30@31c ₱ lb for Uplands, and 31@31½c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

COAL—The market continues dull. We quote Locust Mountain lump and steamboat at $3,25@3,40; do broken, $3,35@3,50; do egg $3,50@3,4; stove $4@4,15; red ash egg and stove $4,10@4,50; Lehigh lump, steamboat and broken, $5; do prepared, $5; do chestnut, $4,25.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion,
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ WEDDING PRESENTS.—It seems to be the fashion in England for the parents of a bride to give a party on the evening preceding the wedding, for the purpose of exhibiting the wedding presents.

☞ A Hartford paper says that a member elect of the Connecticut Legislature "is short, fat, red-headed, and speaks several languages, among which is profane, with great fluency."

☞ We are advised to watch our tongues, but, unfortunately, they are so located that we cannot see them.

WANAMAKER
AND
BROWN,
CLOTHING,
6th & Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
OAK HALL

NOTE.—This is the largest Clothing House in the city, and so well organized, that it has no superior in the United States. Reasonable Prices, First Class Workmanship, and Reliability, are the features of the house. Orders by mail have special care. Samples sent when desired. ap 25-6teow

---

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., or BOSTON, MASS.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. je6-4t

---

SCHOMACKER & CO.'S CELEBRATED PHILADELPHIA PIANOS are universally acknowledged the best instruments, and are taking the lead all over the land. They are more highly improved and possess a greater volume and sweetness of tone than any other Piano made. These instruments for the past thirty years have held their high reputation, and have been awarded the highest premiums at all the principal EXHIBITIONS held in the country, including the PRIZE MEDAL at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION. Our extensive facilities for manufacturing enables us to offer more liberal terms than any other first-class Piano can be sold for in this city, as the purchaser obtains the instrument direct from us (the manufacturers) and saves the profits made by the agent, who usually claims more than the maker, and, besides, has our responsibility. Our establishment is one of Philadelphia's great institutions, and we challenge the world on Pianos. If any of our citizens suppose that Pianos made in other cities are superior to our own, they may have an opportunity of testing them with any maker's Pianos they may choose to name.

We respectfully invite our friends and the public generally to call at our new and beautiful warerooms, No. 1103 CHESTNUT Street, where they can examine these highly-improved and finished instruments. Our Piano Warerooms are the finest in the United States—a richly carpeted Parlor Saloon adjoining, where an opportunity can be had to test the tone, like in the parlor of your house. We now have on exhibition the magnificent carved Piano made for one of our distinguished statesmen, and which is the most elegantly finished instrument in the world; also, a Boudoir Piano, finished in gold and ebony, and several full Grands, like those furnished to the President of the United States, and Governor Geary, of our own State. A visit to our salesrooms will be of interest to those who may favor us with a call.

SCHOMACKER PIANO-FORTE MFG. CO.,
No. 1103 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia.
my30-8t

CURLS! CURLS! CURLS!

A sample of Prof. Butler's Magnetic CURLIQUE sent to any address free. Beautiful, luxuriant, flowing curls produced on the first application without injury to the Hair. This is the only reliable and harmless Hair Curler. All others are worthless imitations. Address for sample

JAMES S. BUTLER,
No. 195 Broadway,
je6-2t New York City.

Eclectic Medical College of Penna.

Winter Session commences October 8, 1868. Thirty students taken for $80. No other reference.
For particulars, address
JOSEPH SITES, M. D.,
514 Pine Street,
je6-12t Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, Chestnut St. above Tenth. The 45th Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Statuary and Architecture, is now open daily from 9 A. M., till 7 P. M., and from 8 till 10 in the evening. Admittance 25 cents. Season tickets 50 cents. my4-5t

---

THE ALLOIDE WATCH.

An agent is wanted in every town and neighborhood, in the United States, to sell our improved FRENCH ALLOIDE GOLD WATCH. A rare chance to make money. For our splendid inducements and a sample Watch, address

BRADFORD, VAN DELF & CO.,
je6-2t No. 52 Broad St., New York.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.—Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many 30 cents. MANSON LANG, 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

---

$30,000 FOR A FORTUNE.—Every Young Lady or Gentleman who has any desire to accumulate wealth, can have 32 pages of desirable information, and terms to Agents free, by addressing WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. Jersey. my16-6m

---

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN
Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Shotton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Mayune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (Black), 50c., 60., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c. 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 50c, 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c. $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25 best $1 50 ₱ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c, 30c., 35c., best 45c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction

ROASTED UNGROUND COFFEE—30c., 35c., best 40c., ₱ lb.

GREEN UNROASTED COFFEE—25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c ₱ lb.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
Post office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and see out the kind and price from our Price List, as published in this paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (besides the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are bogus or imitations. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to (as below, no more, no less)

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.,
NEW YORK.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR THE best and most reliable LIFE OF GRANT, by Hon. J. T. Headley. Now ready. In one handsome Vol. $2.50. Also just issued THE NATIONAL HAND-BOOK of Facts and Figures from the foundation of the Government to the present time, 408 pages $1.50. Sent Post paid.
E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers,
je6-4t 654 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
LIFE OF GRANT.
BY A MEMBER OF HIS STAFF.

This is the only Full, Authentic and OFFICIAL History of the Life and Public Services of the GREAT CHIEFTAIN, and the only one that is endorsed by all his Leading Generals. Send for Specimen Pages and Circulars, with terms. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 26 South 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION.—The country is being flooded with *so called* Lives of GRANT, written by Civilians and Politicians, who never saw a battle. See that the book you buy is endorsed by all the Leading Generals. ap18-3m

---

WANTED! AGENTS!
To sell JOHN S. C. ABBOTT'S
LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT.

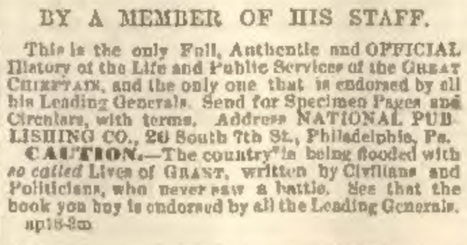
This work contains a *fine steel engraving* of the Father and Mother of the General, and is otherwise very handsomely illustrated. The best selling work in the market; price suited to the times. H. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, 55 Cornhill, Boston. my30-3t

---

Presidential Campaign, 1868!
GRANT & COLFAX IN THE FIELD!

Samples of twelve different styles of elegant Grant Campaign Pins and Medals sent, post-paid, on receipt of $2. Agents are wanted everywhere to sell all kinds of Campaign Goods.

Address B. W. HITCHCOCK,
Headquarters for Campaign Goods,
my30-4t 98 Spring St., New York.



je6-6m

IMPROVED BARTLETT SEWING MACHINES, manufactured by GOODSPEED & WYMAN, Winchendon, Mass. *Agents wanted.* Enclose stamp and address as above. N. B.—Particular attention given to machines for shipping. my30-4t

---

AGENTS WANTED.

PEOPLE in want of, and Agents who are selling all kinds of **Sewing Machines**, are requested to address me (with stamp) for greatly reduced prices and terms. J. K. PEARSONS,
my30-4t Box 4, Charlestown, Mass.

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

DR. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marodo Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je6-1y

---

THE
Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

T. F. PLUNKETT, President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Secretary.
JACOB L. GREENE, Asst. Sec'y.

Assets	$1,000,000
Annual Income	500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 29 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $200,000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

An Annual Payment Life Policy is NOT forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after ONE Annual Premium has been paid.

WM. H. GRAVES,
General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
329 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. HARRY MILLER, Special Agent.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner,
feb8-1y 815 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

AQUIDNECK HOUSE,
NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 18, 1868.

The above house having been thoroughly renovated, repainted inside, and new furniture added, is now open for the season of 1868.

Accommodations for 150 guests, with suits of from two to six rooms connected.

Families will find the "Aquidneck" more quiet than the larger hotels, with lower prices, and table and attendance first class.

Also suits of rooms in cottages near, with meals at the hotel. Address as above.
my9-eow4t WILLIAM HODGES.

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

E. M. BRUCK,
18 North Seventh Street,
mar7-tf Philadelphia.

CARMINA COLLEGENSIA:

A complete collection of the songs of the American colleges, with piano-forte accompaniment, to which is added a compendium of college history. Collected and edited by H. R. Waite. This volume contains the songs of twenty-one colleges, selected in reference to quality, permanency and general interest, and is the largest collection of student songs in print. Prices: In cloth, emblematically embossed, $2.25. Extra gilt edge, $3. Mailed, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

Husband's Calcined Magnesia

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

The N. Y. World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer.
THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philadelphia.
mar23-3m

CORNS BUNIONS, BAD NAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 208 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 50 c. and $1 20.

CATARRH HEADACHE, NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by *BRIGGS' Alleviator* a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. 50c. & $1. Samples free by Express. Dr. J. BRIGGS & Co. 208 Broadway N. Y
je6-1y

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 30 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
del7-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

$25 PER DAY.—Agents wanted, Male and Female, Local and Travelling. Business new. Steady employment. No capital required. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

---

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.

GOOD AGENTS wanted to introduce our new STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties AND EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. my22-13t

---

EMPLOYMENT.—$15 to $20 a day guaranteed. Male or female agents wanted in every town—descriptive circulars *free.* Address JAMES C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me. ap4-3m

---

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.L. 1868 C.I.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

---

2,500,000 Customers in Four Years.
PATRONIZE THE BEST.

Having the largest capital, most experienced buyers, and extensive trade of any concern in the Dollar Sale business, we

GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

in every instance, and also the *best* selection of Goods ever offered at

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

No other concern has any show wherever our Agents are selling. Our motto, "Prompt and Reliable." Male and female agents wanted in city and country.

THE LADIES

Are particularly requested to try our popular club system of selling all kinds of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, DRESS PATTERNS, COTTON CLOTH, CASTORS, SILVER PLATED GOODS, WATCHES, &c. (Established 1864.) A patent pen fountain and a check describing an article to be sold for a dollar, 10 cts.; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 60 for $6; 100 for $10; sent by mail. Free presents to getter up, (*worth 30 per cent. more than those sent by any other concern,*) according to size of club. Send us a trial club, or if not do not fail to send for a circular.

N. B.—Our sale should not be classed with New York dollar jewelry sales or bogus "Tea Companies," as it is nothing of the sort.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
my23-3m 63 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED for the WEARING OF THE GREEN, or Sketches of Irish Character. The greatest book published. Its contents are deeply interesting and should be carefully read by every one. The immense demand for this great work stamps it the most successful book out. It is decidedly the **book for the times.** It fully illustrates **Old Ireland,** and abounds in **Romance, Incident and Wit,** showing the **Patriotism and Devotion,** the **Truth and Fervor** of that warm-hearted people; containing 400 pages, over 100 illustrations. Bound in cloth, green and gold. Price $3. Agents wanted everywhere. Exclusive territory given. Send for circular and terms. WILLIAM FLINT, Publisher, No. 26 South Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa. my9-3m

---

BELLS.
TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,
Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
Made of Pure Bell Metal,
(Copper and Tin.)
HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.
FULLY WARRANTED.
FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,
JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y
aug30-1y

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SARATOGA WATERS. COOLING, REFRESHING AND PLEASANT! CITRATE OF MAGNESIA. In 6 oz. bottles—in powder. This Magnesia is a mild purgative and aperient, very acceptable to the stomach for sick head-ache, sour or sick stomach, and all febrile cases. For sale by FRENCH RICHARDS & CO., and most druggists. Prepared by ARTHUR ROGERS, 193 Spring St., New York. my 2-3m

---

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 26 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-17t

---

FOR ONE DOLLAR **XL**

A PRESENT OF $25.00 VALUE,
OF YOUR OWN SELECTION,—FREE OF COST,
For a few days services in any town or village. Particulars and gift sent free, by addressing, with stamp,
CLOUDMAN & CO.,
my2-3m 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

---

500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my16-6m

---

TRUE, BUT STRANGE.—Any person sending me their address, with 20 cents, will receive, by mail, the Name and Carte de Visite of their future Wife or Husband. REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. mar28-3m

---

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. my16-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Brandy and Water.

Drinking brandy and water is quite popular with certain residents of San Francisco, who have indulged in the habit since the fall of '49 or the spring of '50. Among those given to the habit was a gentleman known to his acquaintances by the sobriquet of "The Major." He liked his brandy and water as well as any one in the world, and indulged in it as often. Some time ago he was stricken down with dropsy, and drew nigh unto death's door. Hearing of his condition, several of his old cronies called upon him for the purpose of advising him to make his will. They found him in his chamber in a very feeble condition, and finally broached the subject which had induced them to visit him. He listened patiently till they had ceased, when he asked—"Boys, do you ever drink brandy and water?" Expecting to be asked to take some, they all replied that they did. "'Twon't do, boys, 'twon't do," said the Major; "just look here," he continued, as he exhibited his distended abdomen and swollen limbs. "I tell you it won't do. I have been drinking it for the past twenty years, and you see what I've come to; the brandy has evaporated and left the water on my chest, and it's going to kill me. 'Twon't do to drink anything but pure brandy!"

Jerry White Argufies.

Jerry White was a good-humored, jolly-go-lucky sort of a fellow, but his ideas about matters and things were not very luminous. He had a shining idea once in his life, as the following incident will show:—

A companion had alluded to the fact that a great fish swallowed Jonah.

"The whale didn't swallow Jonah," said Jerry; "Jonah swallowed the whale."

His comrade looked doubtful, as though the statement was rather too much for his credulity.

"Of course he did," said Jerry, arguing the point. "It would be no miracle at all for a whale to swallow a man, but it would be a big thing for a man to swallow a whale."

Jerry was once a member of Miss Titter's class in Sunday-school, but he completed his Biblical studies at a very early age.

Keeping a Secret.

The disbeliever in woman's ability to keep a secret would have repented his error had he known Lucy P——, a pretty brunette, whom everybody scolded for her odd and quizzical sayings, and everybody loved for her frankness. One day she was walking with a friend, arm in arm, and was teasing her friend to tell her something which was not proper to be universally circulated. Her friend answered her, "Tell you, Lucy? No, indeed. I shall do no such a thing—you never kept anything twenty-four hours in your life." She flung her arm around her friend's neck in a very convincing manner, and exclaimed, "Oh! Miss X——, I can keep a secret, indeed I can. There was Miss A—— told me six months ago that she was engaged to be married, and I never told any one of it, and I never will."

Loving the Old Flag.

A Georgia friend mentions the fact that old Uncle Jacob M'Goonison showed a strong love for the "old flag," in a peculiar way, under trying circumstances. When it was hauled down amidst the loud hurrahs and yells of an excited crowd of secessionists gathered before the empty barracks, old Uncle Jacob claimed it earnestly, his white head and beat frame trembling with emotion. "Boys, give it to me. I fout under that flag at New Orleen, and in Georgy, and 'way in Floridy 'mong the Seminoles. I love that old flag, boys. Give it to me; don't tear it, boys; give it to your Uncle Jacob, what's so often fout under it. *It'll make my ole woman a most beyutiful dressing-gown!*" The mixture of pathos and bathos was irresistible, and Uncle Jacob got the starry dress-pattern.

A Sincere Confession.

There dwelt in Maine a good Methodist brother who was "blessed" with a wife of fretful disposition. Being at camp-meeting, they on one occasion knelt together in the tent prayer-meeting. The husband felt called upon to pray, which he did in a devout and proper manner. He was followed by his wife, who, among other things, said: "Thou knowest, Lord, that I am *somewhat* fretful and cross at home," but before she could announce to the Lord another statement, the husband exclaimed, "Amen!—*truth, Lord, every word of it.*" It would be revealing the secrets of domestic life to disclose the manner and spirit in which the conversation was resumed and ended at the home circle.

A Good Reason.—A New York editor tells this story of a wedding in that state:—"When all was arranged and the minister called on any one who objected to the marriage to 'speak now,' there came from the corner a husky note of protest. Of course all eyes, astonished, turned in that direction, when a lean, hungry-looking man, six feet high, emerged from the crowd, holding his handkerchief over his face, and blubbering. 'Why do you object?' asked the parson. ''Cause-'cause, sir, I-I-want 'er for myself, I do.'"

Heart Disease.—An old gentleman, some weeks ago, on a western railroad, had two ladies, sisters, for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret at seeing so charming a young lady in ill health. "Ah! yes, indeed," sighed the older sister, "a disease of the heart." "Dear me," was the sympathetic response, "at her age! Ossification, perhaps?" "Oh, no, sir—an ossifer, a Lieutenant!"

☞ A philosophical cabman in Mobile, thus speaks of the section over which his wheels make their tracks: "If you run over a youngster down here in this here ward," said he, "the folks don't say nothin'—kase they have got more children than wittles for 'em—but you just run over a goat, or a sow, or a pig, and blest if a mob ain't arter you in two minits!"

☞ Little Frank was taught that every one was made of dust. One day he was watching the dust in the street, as the wind was whirling it in eddies. "What are you thinking of?" asked his mother. "Oh," said Frank, with a serious face, "I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy."

COMPARISONS *ARE* ODIOUS.

Romantic Dear.—"Oh, Frederick! Is it not delightful to wander in the quiet country and listen to the cuckoo's note?"

Frederick (who has no soul for poetry).—"Oh—ah—yes! I dare say it's all right, only it always reminds me of hiccups!"

Mrs. Jones's Trials.

Mr. Jones was married. He had been married a long time, ever since he could remember, almost. The first Mrs. Jones was a pretty school-boy love, and died early. Mr. Jones was inconsolable for more than six months, and then, finding the burden of his griefs too heavy to be borne alone, decided to share his regrets with a sympathizing friend. The connection was a happy one for many years, but alas for the mutability of earthly pleasure! Mr. Jones was again a widower at the age of forty, and being extremely lonely, and having the habit of marrying, he offered his broken life and bereaved affections to Miss Patience Norcross, a mature young lady of thirty.

We have said that Mr. Jones had a habit of being married, and it had so grown upon him that, had Providence opened the way, he would in all probability have followed up a series of bereavements with a succession of consolations. But in selecting Miss Patience he had no regard to compatibility of temper. He had never thought anything about it. His other marriages had been happy accidents, and, so far as he knew and reflected, that was the order of nature. But Miss Patience had a habit, and it was in accordance with her name, for it was a failing that leaned to virtue's side, and beyond it. She lived in the remote and in the future. The present with her was never anything but a make shift, a mere temporary expedient till better times. Distance not only lent enchantment to her objects of pursuit, but was absolutely the only charm to which she was sensitive. She really liked Mr. Jones almost up to the hour of his proposal; she meekly tolerated him ever after.

They were boarding for a time, and the wife said submissively to all her friends—"Oh, yes, it is very comfortable for the present, till we feel able to keep house."

Mr. Jones, after the remark had been reiterated for the fiftieth time, asserted that he was able to keep house. To prove this, he engaged and furnished a tasteful tenement, and another year saw Miss Patience the patient mistress of her own fireside.

"What a pleasant situation," said dame Grundy, as she called on a tour of inspection.

"Why, yes," returned Mrs. Jones, "it is all we can expect in a house we hire. If we were to build we should plan very differently, of course; and, then, you know, one could have the heart to make improvements in shrubbery and fruit trees. Oh, Mrs. Grundy, I hope to live long enough to have a house of my own."

Mr. Jones was well-to-do and good-natured. Moreover, he was a little obtuse, as we have seen, and did not perceive that something to put up with is with some of us a practical necessity. So he said, very generously—

"Mrs. Jones, in another year you shall have a house of your own."

"I am afraid you could not afford to build such a house as I would like."

"I can, and I will. You shall make the plan yourself, or draw a new one if you prefer."

Mrs. Jones sighed, "It will take so long in building;" and from that hour every rational enjoyment was deferred till they should get to their new dwelling. There were the usual delays and disappointments, and Mrs. Jones's love of endurance was fully gratified; she was regaled with a "lingering sweetness long drawn out."

At length the house was built and furnished, the grounds laid out and planted, and the wheels of the new establishment fairly in motion. Moreover, by rare good luck, there was very little to alter or undo; most of the arrangements were desirable, and the experiments successful.

"I hope, my dear," said Mr. Jones, benevolently, "that we are in a condition to take comfort."

"If we ever get settled," assented Mrs. Jones, with a sigh.

Well, years rolled on, and they were settled. The flowers bloomed, and the fruit ripened. The turf thickened into velvet, and the trees grew tall and cast a welcome shade. Strangers paused to admire the premises as they passed, and neighbors paid their various tributes of envy and admiration. Mr. Jones smoked his prime cigar in the back piazza, and grew to look portly and contented. Not so with Mrs. Jones. To all the encomiums lavished upon her residence she replied, submissively—

"Yes, it's a pretty place, but we don't know whom we built it for. We have no children to come after us, and are just putting up improvements for strangers to pull down."

Was ever a woman so favored with an indulgent fortune? Within a year from the utterance of this remark, Mrs. Jones was the happy—no, the patient mother of a real, genuine, glorious baby. Mr. Jones, who had with difficulty refrained from happiness before, was uncontrollably jubilant now. The boy was healthy, and handsome, and bright. There was no mistake about him; he was a fixed fact, a star of the first magnitude. He had wants, it is true, for which the fond father was intensely thankful, for to gratify and prevent them was his supreme delight.

But the mother? Alas! here were all of a mother's cares, anxieties, and forebodings. Till the child was weaned she scarcely left the house, or indulged in the simplest luxuries of diet. Then there was the long period of teeth-cutting, during which her maternal anxieties were never appeased. Then she lived in fear of the measles, whooping-cough and scarlet fever, till the young hero met and conquered them all. He grew round and rosy, and she thin and anxious, but still unalterably patient. At school she feared he might study too much or too little, and as her fears were pretty equally divided between the two perils, it is presumed that he avoided both.

Then she had a general misgiving lest he should be spoiled, and from too much petting at home become an indolent and useless member of society. But, though the reader may share her fears in this regard, Master Jones falsified them all. Indulgence and opportunity seemed to agree with him. He was ambitious and self-reliant, and not objectionably wilful. When at last he desired to study for a profession, the mother fitted out his wardrobe with reluctant care, and the first letter she received from college was moistened with more than the full proportion of her maternal tears.

"I am glad he is doing well," she said, in reply to a remark from her husband, "but I miss him more than I can tell you. Since we have only one, we could but wish he could have stayed with us. The seven years of his student life are very long to wait."

"To wait for what?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"For the good time coming," replied his wife.

"Why, woman, the good time has come long ago. Can't you see it? We've been having it all along."

"It may be so with you, Mr. Jones, but I have never been free from anxiety for a minute in my life."

"And you will never be, my dear," replied Mr. Jones, as he shook the ashes from his cigar. "It is positively your strongest point, and I have quite an admiration for your skill in it. You will find more to submit to in any given circumstances than any woman I ever knew."

Mrs. Jones raised her eyes to her husband's face in meek surprise. She forgave him, and was silent.

Swimming.

We all know that breast swimming is the style commonly adopted all over the world. Beginners commence on the breast, and in nine cases out of ten, they continue to move through the water on their breast all through their lives. It is in the water what walking is on land. To the beginner it has the advantage of being the easiest to learn, and to the adept it has the attraction of having "last" about it. Long distances are mostly performed in this style, as being more steady, and consequently less fatiguing; so that here the breast frequently conquers its more dashing rival, the side. Also, when swimming for pleasure, rather than for glory, we instinctively take to the breast. The chief rules are—1. Spread out your hands (fingers closed) widely, so as to describe as large a circle as you possibly can. If you watch good breast swimmers, you will at first be surprised to observe what a broad sweep they thus make. 2. The same rule holds good for the feet; you cannot describe too large a circle; therefore, send out your legs to their utmost length and breadth. 3. After you have described this circle, in order to complete the stroke, bring the heels together sharply and vigorously. Remember, it is this jerk and quick meeting of the heels which sends you forward. It is in this particular that Gurr especially excels, so that he can propel himself some five or six feet each stroke. A long stroke could not be made in any other way. The secret of the matter is this, that after the sharp contact of the heels, your body instantly floats along, or rather cuts through the water those five feet without any other effort on your part. The stroke made with the hands or arms really is of small service, except to maintain your balance on the water.

☞ Advice to a man with a pain in his stomach, is to wear a "sash."

AGRICULTURAL.

Improvement of Southern Land.

The Rural New Yorker has a correspondent in the Southwest, who says a good many sensible things. In speaking of the renovation of worn-out cotton lands, by the use of wheat and clover he tells the following story of a plantation so treated:

The plantation contained 1,000 acres, 700 of which were cleared. Cotton wore out the land, and wore out the owner at the same time. A man from the blue grass of old Kentucky, came along and bought it for less than the cost of the buildings on it. He went to work with twelve hands, cleared the briers from the fence corners, and seeded all the land he could with wheat and clover. The next spring he bought up cattle, sheep and hogs, fed off the grain on the ground, cutting only enough for the use of the family and for seed. Grazed the clover two years, turning it under in the fall, with large ploughs and strong mules. Then a crop of corn. This was fed on the ground to hogs, as soon as the corn was hard; then re-seeded with wheat, oats, rye and barley and clover with it. This plan was pursued for six years. His income was six hundred dollars net to the hand, and he lived better than the richest cotton planter in the South, and all his provision was raised at home. After about six years of such treatment, his land produced on an average, eighty bushels of corn to the acre.

This is the only plan to enrich the poor lands at the South. It is nonsense to talk about stable and cow-pen manure, where horses and cattle run out all the year. Sow clover, peas or any green crop, and turn under, and keep at it, and the poorest land can be made rich. Get sheep, hogs, horses, cattle; sow grass, plant less cotton, and you will do well enough.

The editor of the Rural, in making some comments upon the above remarks of his correspondent, says:—"An exhausted tobacco, corn or cotton field, will gain in carbon and mould twice as fast by the rotting of a ton of clover in the field where it grew, as by the return to the field of all the manure made by its consumption." Now, if we add to the ton of clover, the additional ton of clover roots and stubble, and the amount of work done by these roots in penetrating and stirring the soil, we shall begin to understand the effect of this treatment in ameliorating the soil, especially if lime or plaster are freely used at the same time. There is an abundance of land at the North as well as the South, that may be restored to fertility in precisely this way.—*New England Farmer.*

Evergreens Among Orchard Trees.

Heretofore, planting evergreens among orchards of fruit has been deemed incongruous, and undeserving the attention of planters, or as presenting a careless waste of land without system or order in arrangement. From some observations we have made this season, however, and from records of several of our correspondents, we predict that but a few years will find many orchards interspersed irregularly with evergreen trees. Closer planting than heretofore recommended, we have no doubt will prevail, as our fruit growers study the devastating effects of too great exposure of the young trees to wind and sun. In most sections this year, while fruit bloomed and set abundantly, gradually, little by little, it has dropped, until many a grower who in early summer counted on bushels can now count fruit only by the dozen. We have watched this falling of the fruit pretty carefully, and while we have no doubt that too great an amount of bloom impaired the vitality and was the first cause of failure, yet observation has taught us that trees partially shaded and screened by evergreens, or by close planting with other trees, have retained their fruit, as a rule, better than those exposed to the full rays of the sun at all points, and the withering blasts of winds, no matter from what quarter. Horticulturists at the west have for some time advocated hedge screens as a protection to their orchards, and we have no desire to undervalue them, but would increase and extend them, while at the same time we would, in planting an orchard of five hundred trees, make one-fifth the number evergreens. Again: believing in closer planting, we, a few years since, set out a dwarf pear orchard, four by eight feet, and an apple orchard of standards, twelve feet apart. The pears are, it is true, growing one way pretty closely together, yet they are all healthy, and this season have retained their fruit better than others which are more widely separated.—*The Horticulturist.*

Milking Cows by Steam.—The funniest picture we have seen for a long time, out of a professedly comic newspaper, is that representing the operation of a cow milking machine. The cows stand in a row; attached to each teat is a tube with a close-fitting mouth, and all these tubes communicate with pumps, which are driven by steam or horse-power. The cows being thus properly tapped, the pumps are set to work, and the milk drawn from their udders neatly, expeditiously, and with comfort to the animals. Indeed, the editor says, "the cows soon learn to come to the machine if fed or salted a few times while being milked."

Live and Dead Weight in Sheep.—The English rule is to weigh sheep when fatted, and divide the weight by seven and call it quarters. Thus, sheep weighing one hundred and forty pounds, would give twenty pounds a quarter as the dead weight. If the sheep are in good condition, this rule is sufficient for all purposes. Poor sheep will fall below the mark, and extra fat ones go over it.

RECEIPTS.

Cherries Preserved.—Take fine, large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound, set it over the fire until it is dissolved and boiling hot, then put in the juice and cherries, boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars and pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open till the next day; then cover as directed. Sweet cherries are improved by the addition of a pint of red currant-juice, and half a pound of sugar to it, for four or five pounds of cherries.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 57 letters.

My 44, 8, 23, 28, 52, 35, 44, 33, 48, was a French robber.

My 43, 35, 47, 8, 45, 9, 51, 47, was a celebrated Russian warrior.

My 39, 44, 34, 5, 33, 51, 2, was an Irish patriot.

My 8, 41, 35, 41, 10, 13, 30, 23, was the father-in-law and successor of Mahomet.

My 26, 4, 25, 55, 56, 3, 21, 13, 29, 8, 5, a celebrated Barbarian conqueror.

My 11, 31, 42, 36, 19, is the name of a Scotch geologist.

My 37, 14, 15, 39, 20, was an English writer.

My 6, 8, 25, 57, 46, was an Italian poet.

My 1, 23, 34, 24, 27, 7, 8, 2, 53, was a French chronicler.

My 17, 54, 49, 52, 22, was a celebrated French printer and type founder.

My 1, 12, 30, 19, 18, 54, 38, 55, was an English novelist.

My 32, 44, 51, 53, 40, was a Scotch wizard.

My 44, 34, 35, 9, 50, 45, 8, 16, was the first of the four battles that decided the fate of feudalism.

My 1, 12, 38, 26, 8, 11, was a mythical hero of Highland tradition.

My whole is a suggestion which it will be well to remember. "NUTMEG."

Fallston, Md.

Double Rebus.

One of the United States.
An excrescence.
A chain of mountains.
A river in France.
A rugged rock.
A lake in the United States.

The initials and finals form the names of two lakes in New York.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Metagram.

I am composed of letters four,
And name a city famed of yore.
My first remove and make a change,
Nought can the heart from me estrange.
Alter the second of my feet,
You'll find me gothic tones repeat.
Remove my third another place,
I bloom in loveliness and grace.
Now change my fourth and straight away
I move in rude and boist'rous play.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

If from 45 times the square of my age, you subtract twice its cube, the remainder will be 484. How old am I?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

To find three whole numbers, the square of the sum of any two of which being diminished by the square of the other, the remainder shall be a square number.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

How far from the end of a stick of timber 45 feet long, of equal size from end to end, must a lever be placed, so that two men may carry at the lever and the third at the end of the stick, and each man carry one-third of the weight of said stick?

W. T. STONEBRAKER.

West Milton, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Answers to Last.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Life's tide flows away, while the boor sits on the margin waiting for the ford." GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"He that would thrive must the white sparrow see." RIDDLE—The Saturday Evening Post.

Chickens in Paste.—Make a crust as for pies, and roll it out in cakes, large enough to cover a chicken. The chicken should be very nicely picked and washed, and the inside wiped dry; put in each a small lump of butter, a little salt, pepper, and parsley; have the pot boiling, close the chickens in the dough, pin them up in separate cloths, and boil them three-quarters of an hour; dish them and pour drawn butter over. Pigeons can be cooked in the same manner.

Swiss Mode of Stewing a Leg of Lamb.—Take a joint of the above meat, and dredge it well with flour. Lay it in a clean stewpan, with half a pound of the best fresh butter, covering it down close, and let it simmer for one whole hour over a very slow fire. Then introduce into the pan with the meat two large lettuces, cut up fine, with two fresh cucumbers, sliced, with the rinds left on. Let these simmer for another hour over a similar fire, with pepper, and salt, and a little mace. Before taking your joint up, place in your stew-pan a scorched onion, "entire," to impart to it a flavor of that vegetable. When done, remove the meat into a deep dish pouring the liquor over it.

What Spoils the Cheese.—Too much rennet makes the cheese smell rank. Too much salt makes it hard, tasteless, and liable to crack. Too little salt, and it becomes doughy, rancid, and spoils entirely. If the cheese is not caped, it should be greased immediately after coming from the hoop, as the air cracks the green curd.

To Make Strawberry Jam.—Weigh them after the stalks have been stripped from them, and boil them quickly in a preserving pan for half an hour, stirring them during the whole time with a long wooden spoon, but be careful not to bruise them. If currants are plentiful, one pound of red currant juice to every four pounds of strawberries will be found a great improvement. To every pound of fruit add nine ounces of sifted white sugar; mix this well with the boiled strawberries and currant juice when the pan is off the fire, and then boil up the preserve rapidly for about twenty minutes, or until a skin appears on the surface when it cools. Stir the preserve gently but quickly until it is cooked, and be careful to remove all the scum which the sugar throws up. Pour into clean, dry jars, and cover the tops with brandied papers.

☞ Among the sayings attributed to Admiral Farragut is one that "that you can no more make a sailor out of a landlubber by dressing him up in a sea-toggery and putting a commission in his pocket, than you could make a shoemaker of him by filling him with *sherry cobblers!*"